GOD'S REVENGE

AGAINST REBELLION:

AN

Historical Poem

ON THE

STATE OF IRELAND,

WITH NOTES AND AN APPENDIX,

CONSISTING OF A

PASTORAL EPISTLE FROM ROME,

AND TWO LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN EVENING POST.

BY THE

REV. JOHN GRAHAM, M. A.

——————————— Quis auctor?
Quidve petuut? Que religio? Aut quæ machina belli?
Ausi omnes immane nefas,
Non, mihi si linguæ ceutum sint, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox, omnes SCELERUM comprendere formas,
Omnia, PŒNARUM percurrere nomina, possim. VIRGII.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

The following Poem and Notes were originally addressed to the "PROTESTANT," but being too large for his Work, he recommended their seperate publication, being persuaded, as he states in his Preface to the Glasgow Edition, that the information contained in both, particularly in the Notes, would be found interesting on that side of the Channel.

For a Review of this Poem, see *The Edinburgh Christian Herald*, for 1820.

ERRATA.

Page 11...For "began to shew," read "began anew."
Page 45...For "Apostolic Council," read "Apostolic Church."
Page 74...For "allegations to the illustrious House of Brunswick," read "allegiance to the illustrious House of Brunswick."

AN

HISTORICAL POEM.

NEAR where the Boyne runs babbling through the dale,
Where Spring in all her glory decks the vale—
Where tuneful birds, inspired with joy and love,
Raise to the skies the music of the grove.
See where the pardon'd rebel's cottage stands,
To shame the beauty of the neighbouring lands;
Thro' all the roof, with soot and ashes foul,
The melancholy blasts of winter howl.
Together on the earth in this damp stye,
His dog, his wife, his swine, and children, lie.
An unfenc'd garden, emblem of his sloth,
Exhibits weeds of wild luxuriant growth;
Vile are the marks on this abode of sin:
Dunghills all round, and horrid filth within.
The wretched owner once was young and gay,
And no mean talent marked his early day;
Tall in his stature, chearful in his air,
Smooth were his manners, and his visage fair;
But SUPERSTITION, foe to human kind,
Had laid strong hold upon his youthful mind;
Taught him to tremble at a Bigot's word,
And kept him from the Scriptures of the Lord.

At six years old, to mass the boy was brought,
And there, alas ! and at confessions taught,
That empty forms alone would make him wise,
And pure and perfect in his Maker's eyes ;
That man himself, by merit all his own,
Could for his sins sufficiently atone;
Whilst many mediators ready stood,
To make his peace with an offended GOD !
Thus taught, the peasant into manhood rose,
Deeming his British neighbours deadly foes :
Because from early dawn of infant youth,
They learned a creed of unpolluted truth—
A creed from Heaven for man's direction sent,
Full fifteen ages ere we heard of Trent.
Teaching frail man to trust in CHRIST alone,
For GRACE and PARDON at GOD's holy throne.
As years passed on, and civil broils began,
To plague the land, this ill-instructed man,
Buoyed up by hopes of opulence and fame,
A ready dupe to demagogues became :
And thought, alas ! 'twas heaven's holy will,
That he should wield a pike on Tara Hill ;
Holding it right, and Christian-like and good,
To curse his King, and shed his brother's blood !
Hard was the contest on that fearful day—
Frequent the blows, and deadly was the fray
Till all at once the rebel force gave way.
The slaughter that ensued, and checked the flight,
Was ended only by the shades of night :
Wounded and bleeding, to his dismal home,
See the Louth rebel, weak and heartless come :

Behold his hapless children and his wife,
Bind up his wounds, and tremble for his life;
And down their cheeks, as tears in torrents burst,
They reach the cup to cool his burning thirst.
But rest, and sovereign sleep, and kindly care,
The wretched sufferer through his sorrows bear,
Whilst the brave victors, as the contest's o'er,
His pardon grant, and trouble him no more;
The boon he scorns, with feelings scarce represt—
The deadly reed still rankles in his breast;
His wounded pride but kindles hotter hate,
Against that worth he cannot imitate.
Now midnight meetings occupy his time,
In plotting to reiterate his crime:
Ill to return for undeserved good,
And drench the country once again with blood.
Meanwhile, external warfare grieves the land,
And France, beneath the Corsican's command,
Against all Europe wields a hostile hand.
Day after day, as conquest crowns the foe,
The disaffected, more audacious grow.
Loud in the base Usurper's nauseous praise,
The Dublin Demagogues their voices raise:
Foreboding certain ruin to the state,
They hail with savage joy the Church's fate:
"Clear," says Dromgoole, "as yon bright azure sky,
The marks of rapid ruin I descry,
On England's church, that monstrous novelty.
Soon shall her lazy watchmen see her fall,
Despised, forsaken, and abhorr'd of all;
Leaving no traces of her sway behind,
Except the woes she brought upon mankind."

So spoke the furious bigot, and the throng,
Had found a poet, whose licentious song,
Taught them, like madmen in their cups to rave,
In midnight orgies over freedom's grave;
To deem their liberties and honour gone,
Because three kingdoms form'd by fate for one,
By foes without, and fiends within oppress'd,
Had into one strong EMPIRE coalesced.
So raged the populace through Erin wide,
And the Louth peasant floated with the tide.
In rural taverns after Sunday's Mass,
All junior orators he could surpass,
In stating Ireland's unrequited wrongs,
Or chanting Moore's Anacreontic songs:
How fair Hibernia, to herself once true,
Flourished in splendour under king Boru;
That patriotic sovereign, whose dart
Pierc'd, at Clontarf, the proud Invader's heart—
O'Rourke, of Brefny, too, supplied a theme,
To raise up modern candidates for fame;
Fair sunny visions floated in his brain,
When Britain's arms were conquering for Spain:
Shamrocks and olives danc'd before his sight,
And fed his fancy many a gloomy night;
But, ah! how plaintive did his accents fall,
Whene'er he sung the harp of Tara's hall;
How freedom flourish'd there for half a day,
Then flitted like a morning dream away.
With grief and rage each bigot's bosom swells,
As he the tale of his disaster tells;
And proves how Irish freedom wakes and lives,
In every sob and every groan he gives.

Thus, once he sung, attending a debate,
Near Wildgoose Lodge, upon the Lynches' fate;
The song prevailed, and with united breath,
The luckless Lynches were condemn'd to death.
Then spoke with features horrible and dark,
Divan, the noted Stonestown chapel clerk—
As from his panting breast in rage he drew,
A burnish'd rapier of a purple hue:
Friends, brothers, fellow-Catholics, to arms,
'Tis ours to keep the tyrant in alarms,
To make his minions rest their troubled heads,
In constant terror upon thorny beds;
And when they sleep, to tremble in their dreams,
At bloody blankets, and their homes in flames.
And if the Saxon foe must bear our hate,
Vengeance shall fall from us with double weight,
On miscreant Catholics, who mar our cause,
By base appeals to cursed English laws;
Sure as the bullet from the musquet flies,
The wretch who prosecutes our brother, dies.
He spoke, they rose, and instantly decreed,
That night, that hour, to vengeance to proceed.
High on a mount, upraised on marshy lands,
The solitary lodge of Wildgoose stands,
Near Tara-Hill, and has obtain'd its name,
As a bleak wintry haunt of feather'd game.
There Lynch and Rooney dwelt in peace retir'd,
No wild ambition had their bosoms fir'd,
No penal statute fetter'd their free will,
Pray where they would, they throve and voted still,
And their kind neighbour of the British creed,
Was not more fully from restriction freed.

Thankful for blessings, which they highly prized,
The ribbon rioters they had despised;
Firm in refusal they had ever stood,
To join the sanguinary brotherhood:
For this they once had suffer'd an attack,
But bravely fought, and drove the burglars back;
Repuls'd them from the lodge, and seizing three,
Brought them to justice, and the fatal tree!
But now, alas! the hour of vengeance comes,
To seek it, forty horsemen leave their homes,
At midnight hour, and silent as the dead,
Surround the house, with Divan at their head;
Good Heavens! what spectacle was here display'd,
Full FORTY MURDERERS in arms array'd!
To front and rear, approach the savage bands,
Gall in their hearts, and torches in their hands,
The Tara rebel hastes his arm to raise,
And sets the roof and windows in a blaze—
The roof soon kindles, and in scorching pain,
The hapless inmates supplicate in vain.
The brutes refuse the sad request for life,
Lynch dies with Rooney and his child and wife;
Four servants share their fate, and in the fire,
Eight offerings to ANTICHRIST expire!
Say ye who travel where East Indians feel,
The mortal crush of Juggernaut's old wheel—
Where beastly Hottentots, with tygers dwell,
Have Pagans parallel'd this deed of hell;
Yet, next day, Divan rung the mass-house bell!
Dragg'd from the altar where the bigot clung,
Tried and condemn'd, on Reaghstown-hill he hung.

The Louth man 'scaped again, and bless'd his stars,
For his achievements in these holy wars;
But to wipe off the stains of blood resolv'd,
Confess'd, did penances, and was absolv'd.
Six others within view of his abode,
Bleach'd on a gibbet near the public road.
Meanwhile just heaven, in anger to our Isle,
Where health and plenty ever used to smile,
Called forth the clouds of vengeance from the deep—
Bade wintry floods o'er hill and valley sweep,
And in destructive damps the country steep,
For eight long months, the Farmer saw with pain,
His hopes extinguished by the chilling rain;
His crops destroy'd, and to the pits wash'd back,
His winter's fuel perish in the wreck.
But who that winter's varied woes can tell?
Sad is the task on such a theme to dwell.
Mute sat the sorrowing weaver in his loom—
Cold was his hearth, repulsive as a tomb—
Hush'd was the Spinner's voice, which many a night,
Had round the homely hearth diffused delight;
And pale and sullen seem'd the angry Sun,
To sink in ocean when the day was done.
The peasant shiv'ring in his cheerless shed,
For vital warmth betook him to his bed;
Ev'n there, by matchless misery pursued,
The wintry damps his weakly limbs bedew'd;
And, charg'd with vapours, the nocturnal breeze
Diffus'd around the seeds of dire disease.

As spring advanc'd, severe in frost and snow,
FAMINE succeeded to the winter's woe;
Thousands, impell'd by hunger, hurried down
From mountain tracts, to every market town;
Their faces gathering blackness as they went—
Their limbs all tottering, and their bodies bent,
Say, ye survivors—in that hour of need,
How 'mongst your countrymen did ye succeed?
Were they deserving of a name so bad,
As that of WOLVES in sheep's fair clothing clad?
Did you not find their hearts, to pity true,
Open and melting as the morning dew?
Did they not hearken to your doleful tale,
And often share with you their only meal?
Forgiving and forgetting all that past,
Did they not take ye to their homes at last.
Cover'd with rags and filth, and while your breath
Scatter'd among them pestilence and death?
Then raged the typhus fever, far and wide,
Thro' all the land the voice of anguish cried;
Full many a RACHEL wept for comforts fled,
Her children dying, or her husband dead—
Doubtful which side the path of duty lay,
To fly for aid or at the sick-bed stay;
If she remain, for want they must expire—
Or, if she goes, run raving to the fire.
In this extremity let Europe know,
What good to man from British feelings flow;
How heav'n-born Charity sublimely shines
In each true Briton's counsels and designs;
Whether the blood that circles through his veins,

Has flow'd for ages on Hibernian plains ;
On Waterloo's proud field the foe defied,
Or swell'd for Spain the Lusitanian tide.
Soon as this fresh calamity was known
To the wise Viceroy on the Irish throne,
Though sums past reck'ning had been lately spent,
The sad results of famine to prevent,
Yet still, the present evil to subdue,
His generous efforts he began ~~to shew~~, anew
And scatter'd money with a liberal hand,
Supporting hospitals throughout the land ;
Large contributions in each town were made,
Where wealth had grown from industry and trade.
The Merchant gave his wine, his rice, his bread—
The Rector sent his blanket from his bed—
Watch'd o'er the hospitals with ceaseless care,
And of the cost oft bore a double share.
In offering aid the peer and prelate vied,
To help the helpless was the general pride ;
All ranks, all orders, join'd their hands, to save
The son of sorrow from a timeless grave.
At last, at Heav'n's omnipotent command,
Th' avenging angel stopp'd his ruthless hand,
While bad men trembled, and while good men pray'd,
The boon was granted, and the plague was stay'd ;
A crop, luxuriant, the blessing crown'd,
And health and plenty once more bloom'd around
Our pride was humbled, and our purse was low,
But pure our gratitude appear'd to flow ;

For this deliv'rance from evils sent
To teach the worth of prudence and content,
And to the untaught Irish peasant prove
How Christian faith exhibits Christian love,
Can tow'rds an enemy with pity glow,
And joy to succour an afflicted foe.
From humbler cares and occupations freed.
The friends of peace in Erin's Isle proceed
To scatter, with a mild and steady hand,
The seeds of social order in the land,
Fair Education bring to each man's door,
And send the Glorious Gospel to the poor.
Schools in all parts they prudently provide,
On cultur'd plain or heathy mountain side,
No pains, no cost, the generous donors spare,
To educate the peasant's child with care;
A truly kind and charitable plan,
To teach the love of GOD and love of man,
From those bright pages of eternal truth,
Which TIMOTHY perus'd in early youth.
With PAUL's applause, which wise BEREANS read
For which their praise o'er Christendom has spread.
Say now, ye wise, is it from Heaven or Hell,
A voice is come, poor Irishmen to tell,
Of all such Schools and Bibles to beware,
And look upon them as a fatal snare,
To draw them into heresy and strife,
And blast their hopes of everlasting life?
Yet thus FONTANA fulminates from Rome,
And KELLY ventures to denounce at home.
Well may we dread fresh judgments on our land,

When men are thus permitted to command
God's word to disappear with shameless face
And the kind followers of Christ disgrace
With epithets exciting fell dislike,
Marking them victims to a ruffian's pike ;
For readily the Ribbonman resolves
To maltreat those his Clergymen call "WOLVES."
So Tuam's Archdiocese this day appears,
Where savage ignorance her hand uprears,
Impales her victim on a novel rack,
Or cards the bleeding muscles from his back.
But hear, Oh, Heav'n ! since human aid is vain,
Rome's leaden sceptre in our isle restrain ;
Teach our misguided peasantry to know
The difference between a friend and foe,
Between the donor of the Book of Life,
And the proud Priest of ignorance and strife.

NOTES.

" *To shame the beauty of the neighbouring lands,*"

Travellers in Ireland, particularly those who, like Wakefield and Curwen, traverse the country in search of arguments, to support refuted opinions, are apt to charge upon the government and landed proprietors, all the misery they witness in the wretched abodes of our peasantry of the Romish persuasion; they require, however, to be reminded, that much of this evident wretchedness may be traced to the operation of a system of superstition, generated in the dark ages, when the people were in a state of voluntary slavery to the lords of the soil, and the rulers of a corrupted church, whose interest, education, and habits, induced them to keep their vassals ignorant of those principles of civil and religious liberty, which alone can unfetter the soul, and free it from the shackles of undue influence. In this state, the human mind becomes alternately agitated by groundless fears and visionary hopes, till it soon settles in disgust, apathy, and indolent despondency. To keep mankind in abject subjection to them, the heathen Priests invented their system of absurd mythology; and the Priests of the Church of Rome have since improved upon these, as well as many other of their predecessor's fictions, and turned them to a more profitable use, than the ornamenting of Epic poetry. The Heathen Dryads and Nymphs were changed into FAIRIES, good and evil Genii into black and white witches, and SAINTS supply the place of demi-gods. By this ingenious contrivance,

have they often recruited their finances—having a constant influx of money for their charms, exorcisms, beads, relics, holy water, or masses. There was scarcely a church-yard, or old or empty house, which was not, about half a century ago, peopled with spectres, nor was any man murdered, or gone out of the world, forgetting something of importance, who did not re-appear, to tell his own story; nor could he be persuaded to relinquish his terrible outrages, till "*the Priest*," had laid him, (as the expression was) in the Red Sea, or settled him in a haw-thorn tree, till the day of judgment. Ireland was particularly infested by these airy visitants, generally departed heretics, who, from the frailty of imposture, the Romish clergy frequently represented as being thus troubled, and at their mercy, although the whole tenor of their public and private admonitions was, that these unhappy souls, dying out of the pale of the only church, in which salvation was to be had and purchased, were condemned, on their departure from the body, to endless torments. We may be sure, that so profitable a trade was duly cherished and cultivated by constant juggles and impostures, and that all advantages were taken of surprising and unusual phenomena in nature. By the help of glasses, unusual voices and noises, phosphorus, magic lantherns, feats of legerdemain, collusion and confederacy, these prejudices were artfully kept up; and weak and bigotted people were made to believe, and sometimes to see, and afterwards to publish to others, their visions, or whatever else deceivers had occasion to invent for them; and, so great was the power of these Ecclesiastics, who condescended to use but one argument in support of all their impostures—"*If you dorbt your damned*," that the few intelligent men who saw and detested their impieties, durst not contend with the prejudices of the people abetted by the wonderous power of the Popish Priests. These impostures are, however, every day becoming less frequent, as knowledge and true Christianity spread through the Island; and, therefore, schools and bibles are objects of most serious alarm to the Popish Clergy, who may expect that a few years will expose all their scandalous practices to a long abused and much injured people, who, they may be assured, will shortly

look upon human atonements, transubstantiation, purgatory, and all the other impostures of Popery, precisely as the more intelligent of them at the present day, view the antiquated terror of apparitions;

" *As for Ghosts now—the Priests may safely tell*
" *They walk at night, where Ethiopians dwell,*
" *Are by the Monks in grim procession led,*
" *Where Nile, in sandy deserts hides his head ;*
" *Are freed for fees, from purgatorial pain,*
" *By Spanish Priests, beyond the Western Main.*
" *Their marvellous assertions may prevail,*
" *Where no man comes to contradict the tale.*"

The causes of the necessary decay of all countries, in which Popery prevails, are admirably detailed in Mr. Trenchard's Cato, No. 144, published in London, on the 2d of February, 1722, some extracts from which may with propriety, be inserted in this place, as the book is out of print and scarce, though it passed through two Editions.

" The old Dame of Babylon is now old and withered, and would have been long since fallen to pieces, if she had not been patched with searcloths, and kept alive by cordials administered by the mistaken charity of those who were, or ought to have been her enemies ; and as soon as they leave off their complaisance, give her no more physic, nor keep the trumpery in countenance, HER END WILL BE CERTAIN ; and this I shall attempt to prove from natural causes, leaving the supernatural ones to those who understand them better.

" In Popish countries, there are multitudes of persons, male and female, hindered from marriage, and consequently from procreation, unless by stealth and spurious births, which rarely produce living children—(See an account in the Irish Newspapers, of a young Lady of rank, fortune, and accomplishments, taking the white veil, at the religious institute of our blessed Lady, in Galway, on the 2d instant. This convent is stated to have been instituted so late as the year 1815, by a lady of rank and fortune in Cork. Thus are these horrible institutions permitted to be re-established in this Christian Island, under a Protestant government,) and all, or most of these people, subsist upon the plunder of the people, without contributing

any thing to the public wealth, either by their labours or otherwise; on the contrary, they have no other business, but to fascinate and turn the brains of weak and enthusiastic people, to make them loiter after masses—frequenting, what they call holy wells and sacred stones; and, on the strength of purchasing pardon by idle penances at such places, thinking themselves warranted in living a most infamous life, filling their heads with senseless speculations and wild chimeras, which make them either useless, or (*as at present in the Archdiocese of Tuam*) dangerous to the Government under which they live, the ready tools and instruments of turbulent and seditious pedants, who faintly rebuke their excesses with one breath, and violently stimulate them to the most impious crimes with the next."

In Popish countries, and in Ireland particularly, one-third part of the year is lost in the worship of dead men and dead women, by the observance of what are most improperly denominated holy days, in which the people dare not work to support their families; a glaring instance of the improper use made by the popish priests of their power of enforcing the observance of these obsolete holy days. A most happy instance of the operation of common sense among the laity occurred lately in the county of Mayo, on St. Peter and Paul's day, 1819: Fifty poor men were employed at the erecting of a gaol, or an addition to the prison at Castlebar, at a time when labour was scarce, and the families of most of them in extreme indigence; the priests of the Popish church came to them, and commanded them, on pain of excommunication, to desist from prophaning the holy day, but the feelings of human nature and true Christianity being brought to a fair test with the influence of superstition, the latter failed of its effects for that time, and the poor labourers remained at their work, dismissing their clergy, to riot on the luxuries of their holy day dinner.

In like manner, these Ecclesiastics, driven by excess of pride and ambition to expose their weak side, and teach the people their impotence, which an enlightened state of society

must ultimately bring upon them, commanded the publisher of a Popish paper to desist from writing on holy days; the publisher slyly remonstrated, by alledging, that if they should obey the dictates of the holy Fathers in this instance, "*the Catholic cause*" would be lost, as their adversaries could not be persuaded to desist from their impious assaults on the numerous holy days. In Sir William Petty's time, the papists observed 183 holy days, which, but for their habitual violation of the sabbath, by common manual labour, would have left but 130 working days in the year; the natural consequence of this was universal poverty, which rendered them, of all other people, remarkable for that indolence, and those filthy habits, which have been uniformly characteristic of the Irish bigot. The unfortunate peasantry, who are thus deluded, must moreover contribute, out of the little which remains, to pay their unfeeling oppressors for practising these frauds upon them, and by consequence, the public loses all that the people would earn on those days so lost.

In Popish countries, and even in Ireland, (an integral part of a protestant empire) the power or influence of the Ecclesiastics is so great, that the civil authority is, in many instances, unable to restrain them; and the government does not possess that power, which of right, acknowledged by our Lord himself, belongs to the civil authorities, to preserve the allegiance of the people from being at the mercy of those who may alienate their affections from their temporal prince, under pretence of its interference with their duty to God. The power of the Roman clergy of hearing all state and family secrets, granting absolutions for perjury, murder, rebellion, &c. and of raising money by public contributions, in a manner which neither of the three estates of the British constitution could venture to do, has so raised the pride and ambition of those Ecclesiastics, that unless they shall be very shortly taught that they ought to be grateful for toleration, they will proceed in their present career, until they overthrow the government, or are utterly ruined themselves: which last, thank Heaven, appears most likely to occur.

An instance of their enormous power of raising money in

Ireland, and their formidable abuse of it, has been thus given in the LXX. No. of "THE PROTESTANT:" a most ingenious and original exposure of the horrible errors and corruptions of Popery, now publishing in Glasgow and Dublin, by a very worthy Scottish Gentleman, who honours the Author of this Poem with his valuable correspondence and friendship—

"Protestants have no idea of the immense sums of money which are levied upon Papists by their ghostly instructors; the Clyde-street chapel in Glasgow, (*which, with a princely house attached to it, cost nearly twenty thousand pounds, almost all extorted from the poor,*) is indeed a standing monument and proof, that the Priest has access to the purse of the people in a manner almost incomprehensible by Protestants.—The following will shew in what manner money is raised among the poor in Ireland: I copy the document from the SUN Newspaper, of February 2, 1819:

CIRCULAR, SUGGESTED FOR PAROCHIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS,

To appoint a person to each Parish to make individual applications to each householder. This person shall take with him, to each village or farm, a list of the householders; and shall apply to each of them, whether he was willing to contribute TEN PENCE, or any higher sum, toward defraying the expences of the Catholic petitions. Each person paying, should be marked down as paid, and the sum inserted in the margin. Each person *refusing*, should have the word *refused to contribute ten-pence*, added to his name; and a second application should be made to those who refuse, *with an intimation that the list would be read in the chapel the ensuing Sunday.* The list should be read at the chapel as soon as it was ascertained that no more could be collected. The more wealthy persons, will of course, contribute more than ten-pence; but no sum should be received from any person, save what he can afford to give with the most perfect convenience."

"Sir, I am directed by the Committee of Accounts, to send you the above plan, and to request your attention to it. It will not be easy to carry this plan into effect without the countenance of the Catholic clergy; but it is presumed, from their

constant attention to the interests of their countrymen, that they will give the plan the support of their advice. It is also expected that you will transmit to the Board, an account of the parishes, in the county in which you reside, in which this plan shall be carried into effect. You cannot do a greater service to the Catholic cause, than by exerting yourself on this occasion, as the funds of the Board are quite exhausted; and it will be impossible to transmit our petitions to parliament, unless subscriptions are collected. The mode of carrying this plan into effect, is of course, left with you; but it is hoped you will not refuse to give your zealous and active assistance. I have the honour to be, your very obedient humble servant," &c.

On the above Circular, the Sun writes——Here is an engine, Sir, strong enough to lift the Protestant establishment off its centre, and at work nearly these five years, unchecked and unnoticed! but I will forbear all comment, until I startle your readers with a little gentle instruction about the sum which the "*Circular*" motion of this steam engine was calculated to raise.

The Popish Board, under whose authority the above curious document was issued, reckons, by its accredited "*statement*," the enumeration of the "emphatic" people of Ireland, the papists, at *four millions two hundred thousand;* reckoning then the subscribing patriots at *two-thirds*, their TEN-PENNIES would produce *one hundred and seventeen thousand six hundred and sixty pounds.* I will, however, be candid enough not to take them up on their own deliberate exaggeration, but on a truer and more moderate standard. I will count them only two-thirds of their vaunted number, and of course at two-thirds only of the above contribution; still, there will remain a subscription for the use of the Board of *seventy-seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-six pounds*, without calculating *the more wealthy persons*, who, of course, contribute more than ten-pence, *many of whom, like Major Bryan, and others, are able and willing to expend very large sums in this way.* Supposing this, as we well may, a monthly contribution, it has produced the annual sum of *nine hundred and*

thirty-three thousand three hundred and twelve pounds, which, for the last four years, from 1814, (*it would not be fair to include the ways and means of* 1819, *as already raised*) makes an aggregate of THREE MILLIONS SEVEN HUNDRED POUNDS, collected from the papists of Ireland, by her controlling and managing Board. "*Talk of the King's taxes after this ! !*"

I think this writer must be mistaken in supposing the above ten-pennies to be collected monthly, (*and ten shillings a year from every adult Papist might probably thus be extorted,*) I see no evidence of this in the Circular itself; and I should rather suppose them collected only annually, according to the annual occasion of petitioning, *(if not required for the purchase of arms, in a country where the Ribbonmen are continually taking all kinds of weapons, and hoarding them up for a future day, and where an abundance of gunpowder is to be had for twenty pence a pound, and musquet-balls at the rate of twelve for four-pence.)* This reduces the sum to a twelfth part of what is above stated, and yet it is sufficiently enormous to justify the following remarks by the same writer :

"Now, Sir, what occasion, what *honest and lawful occasion*, had the Board for such a sum ? I acquit its members of pocketing this money among themselves ; but, after accounting for all their public expences, their agents' bills for prosecutions, their counsellors' fees, the fines of their convicted libellers, the salaries of their seditious newspapers, the secret service money of their THRESHERS, and CARDERS, and RIBBONMEN, the annuities of their suffering patriots, &c. &c. a tolerable sum will remain, of which, unless expended in the purchase of boroughs, I call upon the Board and its Collectors to state the application. *Silence will convict them.*

"If you knew, Mr. Editor, the delusions practised upon the poor ignorant Papists of Ireland, the irritations with which they are perpetually favored, and the more than despotic authority with which their Priests trample upon both body and soul, you would readily believe the facility of levying even the enormous sum which I have stated. The means, too, of compelling the refractory, are more "emphatic" than even tax-gatherer or tithe-proctor can adopt.—To read the

name of the recusant in the public chapel, was an especial way of enforcing contributions. Protestants, look to yourselves—Popery is awake, ye are asleep; Popery is busy, ye are idle; Popery is ever doing something, ye are doing nothing, save and except disbelieving, and treating as intolerant bigots, those who would warn ye of your awful danger."

"One cannot," says the learned Protestant of Glasgow, "but perceive a little of the Jesuit in the plan above recommended for raising subscriptions: it is ordered, that no sum shall be received from any person, save what he can afford to give with the utmost convenience. Now, this serves as a ready, and will be considered by many as a sufficient, reply, to any person, who shall accuse the Board of oppression and extortion. But then, every person, *without exception*, who refuses to pay ten-pence, is to have the fact written opposite his name; and his name, and his refusing to pay ten-pence, for the sake of CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION, are to be publicly announced in the CHAPEL. This is hanging a sword over the head of the very poorest; and though he should not have a potatoe to his supper, WOE be to the man who does not pay ten-pence." See THE PROTESTANT *for Saturday, November 27th*, 1819, *printed by A. and I. Duncan, Glasgow.*

The Editor of the SUN, and the Author of THE PROTESTANT, have not, however, been informed, that many members of the United Churches of England and Ireland, and of the Church of Scotland, were indirectly obliged to contribute very largely to this Ten-penny Levy: eight shillings each was the usual contribution from them; and many of them sent it to the Popish altar, with pretty much the same feelings as *Mæris* drove his kids to his enemy, praying in their hearts, "*quod nec bene vertat.*" They sent it, because, as the venders of linen or woollen cloth, bread, groceries, gun-powder, or whiskey, they did not think it prudent to disoblige the "emphatic people," even although these people were bound by an oath, not to buy any thing from heretics, which they could procure on equal terms from "a Catholic." It was, however, in the year 1814, of vital importance to the poor Protestant dealers in Ireland to be on good terms with the

ruling powers of the night, as their occupations obliged them to be out late and early, going to markets, or returning from them.

"Infinite evils," says Mr. Trenchard, "are produced by the Popish Religion, which destroys industry; overturns or prostrates law and justice, the very cements of society; discourages trade and industry; drives away merchants, or deters them from settling where it prevails; enervates states, and renders the race of mankind feeble, lazy, and miserable. Popery turned the Campania of Rome, and all the populous and fertile provinces of Italy, into morasses and deserts; and it would have long since been extinguished in its own corruptions, had the Protestant States of Europe been true to the principles upon which they had been reformed, and suffered this monstrous Babel to destroy itself."

"*Clear,*" *says Dromgoole,* "*as yon bright azure sky, &c.*"

This celebrated speech, which has been called, "*the letting the cat out of the bag,*" was delivered at the Catholic Board, on Wednesday, the 8th of December, 1813. It contains the known sentiments of the whole of the Doctor's party, and has happily operated in alarming many, who had previously aimed at popularity as "Emancipators." In this speech, (page 7.) the Doctor announces, that it was the object of Mr. Grattan, and many worthy and conscientious men of the Protestant persuasion, to put the Church of Rome, as to its government and appointments, upon the same footing in Ireland, as the Church already establised in it by law.—He calls the present oath of allegiance sufficiently galling and insulting, and protests against any other being proposed to Roman Catholics. With respect to *proselytism*, the Doctor says, it is not to be supposed that a Clergyman of any persuasion, who conceives the truth to be with him, could be expected to swear against it; and in this he speaks truth:—and therefore Doctor Kelly might expect to have some such complaint to make of those conscientious persons, who put the Bible into the hands of Popish youths; for the very giving of that Holy Book, even of the corrupted version of Doway

and Rheims, is in itself an act of proselytism from the fatal errors of Popery, all of which may be refuted by any translation of the scriptures that ever has been printed ; the teaching of the second Commandment, which is omitted in the catechism, though retained in some of their translations of the Bible, might be deemed an act of proselytism, as might the keeping of school or popish holidays, and refusing to consume one-fourth of the year in idleness. The established Church will stand, said this orator—it will survive the storms with which it is assailed, if it be built upon a ROCK ; but if its foundation be on sand, no human power can support it: in vain shall Statesmen put their heads together—in vain shall parliaments, in mockery of Omnipotence, declare, that it is permanent and inviolate—in vain shall the lazy churchman cry from the sanctuary, to the watchman on the tower, that danger is at hand ; it shall fall, for it is human, and nothing but the memory of the mischiefs it has created shall survive ! ! This was the language of a petitioner for arming the adversaries of the established Church with political power; and it is a rare mixture of insolence and falsehood, which may be thus answered in the Doctor's own style. It is the Church of Rome, of which the orator has thus incautiously spoken and prophesied ; if that corrupted and idolatrous mockery of Christianity had been founded on a ROCK, it would not have fallen into the state of degradation and infamy in which it now exists—the scorn of the infidel, and the source of the deepest commiseration of all true Christians ; rotten in its foundation, built upon hay, straw, sand, and stubble, no human power can support it. In vain shall avaricious and ignorant ecclesiastics put their heads together to protect its mummeries from ridicule and contempt, like the belief in ghosts and necromancy, its early progeny, shall it sink into oblivion, or exist only as the machinery of poetical romances. In vain shall exterminating associations, in mockery of Omnipotence, declare Popery to be permanent and inviolate, and endeavour to re-establish it in blood. In vain shall Kelly and Fontana cry from their sanctuaries of crime, that their church is in danger, that their system of imposture has been assailed by prosely-

tism. In vain shall they denounce the Bible, and endeavour to put the light of the Gospel under a bushel: the whole system is tottering, and these men are aware of the circumstance. There is not an educated gentleman in Ireland, who nominally belongs to the Popish Church, who is not evidently ashamed of its impious mockeries of Christianity, and is retained in the external profession only, by a false sense of shame, to renounce a creed, which he has been taught from his infancy, as one that he ought to consider as hereditary as his surname, or his property. As to the religion of the great body of Papists——in Connaught, for instance, where that superstition universally prevails, if we are to judge of their faith by their works, what is it?—Is it Christianity or Paganism? Dr. Kelly may justly or unjustly compliment the papists of his Archdiocese, on the decline of drunkenness, sabbath-breaking, and perjury among them; but what says he to the dreadful state in which that part of Ireland is at this day acknowledged, even by himself, to be in—what must he think of the perjuries, the drunkenness, the cruelties, the murders, of that bigoted association of midnight crusaders, who call themselves Ribbonmen? Are these nocturnal apostles likely to re-establish popery in Ireland? No; they may, if permitted, drench it in the blood of its best and most industrious inhabitants; the *columns of Catholicity* may again collect, "*unfurl their oriflamb*," but these miserable expedients will fail; the bigots must succumb to the Christian millions of the British empire, and Popery, after having afforded melancholy evidence of the impossibility of its being tolerated in any civilized state, will be consigned to merited oblivion, and leave only the melancholy records of the miseries it has produced to mankind.

Had found a Poet, whose licentious song, &c.

This poet, who has made but a miserable use of his fine talents, thus apologizes, in the preface to the first Number of the second Volume of Irish Melodies, for the inflammatory tendency of many of his songs, on his having been attacked

by a writer under the signature of Timdus, in the Morning Post, and other papers :—" It is not through the gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate; it looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is to be found on the persons of the rich and the educated; of those, who can afford to have their national (he intended to say, provincial) zeal a little stimulated without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them, &c. &c." The most exceptionable of these productions, have, however, become popular with the gross and inflammable region of society; and inflammable, if not gross spirits, may be found among the higher as well as lower orders, in all countries, but more particularly in Ireland: Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Doctor Esmonde, Mr. Emmett, &c. &c. were men who had of course access to drawing rooms; and the reader may judge, from the following specimens, of the folly of those, who, seduced indeed, by most fascinating poetry and music, suffer the minds of their children to be corrupted by the principles and feelings they are calculated to produce.

WAR SONG.

Remember the glories of Brian the Brave, &c. &c.
Enough of his glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.
Mononia——when nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print,
The footsteps of slavery there;
No, Freedom,—whose smile we shall never resign,
Go tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter *to bleed for an age at thy shrine,*
Than to sleep but a moment in chains, &c. &c.

The application of this song is obvious:—It is a practice with the vulgar Irish to rail bitterly at the Danes, for having invaded their ancestors, meaning, in their own indirect way, the English, and cherishing the hope, that as the former were extirpated, so shall the latter.

See Irish Melodies, No. I. page 16.

One of the favourite devices of the disaffected populace is, Bryan Boru in the act of repelling the Danish invaders, and this, as well as Saint Patrick's driving away venemous reptiles, has an allusion not to be mistaken.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, &c.

This is said to be a requiem for the cool-blooded traitor, Emmett, who was most deservedly hanged for the barbarous insurrection of July, 1803. *Ibid. page* 27.

The night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure, the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

The memory of this Barabbas is to live green in the souls of the Irish; not one word about the great and good Lord Kilwarden, who fell a victim to the murderous insurrection, and, with his dying breath, conjured his surviving friends to suffer no man to suffer for him, except by a verdict of a jury. Here the most patriotic heroism is thrown in the shade of oblivion, while the memory of a detestable incendiary is cherished with a degree of fondness, characterising Irish bigots only, who lift their hands against their kindest benefactors, and idolize those who seduce them into insurrection and murder. This was a song for a polished drawing-room with a witness! Brutalized, indeed, must be the feelings of those, who, remembering the virtues and worth of Kilwarden, could bear with complacency, this song for savages.

"No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is, when some heart indignant breaks,
To say, that still she lives." *Page* 32.

Ireland possesses a freedom under the British government, unknown to her in the days of her petty feudal kings. So this mischievous rant appears calculated to rouse the angry passions of the ignorant servant, who may hear these melodies sung in drawing-rooms, at a time, perhaps, when he may be strongly solicited to join in the Ribbon Conspiracy. It formed an appropriate strain for the murderers of the Lynches in the neighbourhood of Tara Hill.

The writer casts around him fire-brands, arrows, and death, and then says—*am I not in sport?* The cool, calculating people of England may say, in their Morning Post, that "I *appeal to the angry passions of an ignorant mob.*" "But I deprecate this; it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could have been intended to circulate." This is, however, quite a sophistical attempt at justification. The expensive *musical work* could not have been intended for the mob; but the ballad-singers of Ireland have got hold of the words, as might be expected; the very worst of them are popular among the Ribbonmen, at least in Ulster; and, when the Author reads of the horrible brutalities committed by these bigoted ruffians, he may put his hand to his heart, and ask his conscience, whether his inflammatory songs have, or have not, a tendency to hurry the savages into "*these excesses.*" *See his Preface to the Third Number of the Second Volume.*

"Erin! Oh Erin, thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of BONDAGE, thy spirit appears;
The nations are fallen, and thou art still young,
Thy sun is but rising, while others are set,
And tho' *slavery's* cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! Oh Erin! tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade."
&c. &c.

WEEP ON!

(THE SONG OF SORROW.)

Weep on—weep on—your hour is past,
Your dreams of pride are o'er,
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are now no more.
In vain, the hero's heart hath bled,
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain—
Oh FREEDOM! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again, &c.

Vol. II. *No.* 2, *Page* 73.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

We swear to revenge them! no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
(*Quere the grammatical propriety of* "unwed.")
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall be wasted,
Till vengeance is wreaked on the murderer's head!
Yes, Monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall,
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant, is sweeter than all!

This breathing of revenge is utterly Anti-Christian.—The objects of revenge in Ireland, are too frequently the magistrates, jurors, and witnesses, who are instrumental in bringing culprits to punishment; and when this punishment is capital, all these persons are considered murderers by the misguided peasantry.

O'RUARC OF BREFNY.

Already the curse is upon her——(IRELAND.)
And *strangers*, her vallies profane,
They come to divide and dishonour,
And tyrants they long shall remain;
But onward—the green banner waving,
Go, flesh ev'ry sword to the hilt,
On *our* side is virtue and Erin,
On their's is the *Saxon* and guilt.

Had not the battle of Waterloo providentially settled this question, the sword of the Irish rebel would, ere now, have been fleshed to the hilt in the unoffending bosom of the Saxon, which means the Protestant of Ireland.

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OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

" Oh! where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?

What soul, where wrongs degrade it,
Would wait, till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once would spring
To the throne of Him who made it.

Farewell, ERIN! Farewell all,
Who live to weep and fall, &c. &c.
We tread the land that bore us,
Our green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried, are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us." *Ibid. page* 89.

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'TIS GONE, &c.

Tune—*Savourneen Dheelish; or rather, Erin go Bragh.*

This Song might with great propriety be denominated, a *dirge for the funeral of Jacobinism.*

" Och, shame on the tyrants who envied the blessing,
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at death's reeking altar, like furies caressing,
The young hope of FREEDOM—baptiz'd it in blood.
Then vanish'd for ever, that FAIR SUNNY VISION,
Which, in spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remembered, pure, bright, and Elysian,
As first it arose, my lost ERIN on thee."

THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM.

This is a lamentation for the Popish slaves who fought against the Protestant forces of the great King William, under Ginkle, at Aughrim, on the 12th of July, 1690.

Forget not the field where they perished,
The truest, the best of the brave,
All gone, and the bright hope we cherished,
Gone with them, and quenched in the grave.

Oh, could we from death but recover
These hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high Heav'n to fight over,
The combat for *Freedom* once more.

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which tyranny flung round us then,
Oh, it is not in man or in HEAVEN,
To let tyranny bind it again, &c. &c.

This impious bravado was once sung in the presence of a rough Northern Protestant, who favoured the company with the following brief reply, to the Tune of——*Why should we quarrel for Riches.*

We remember the field where they perish'd,
Each hugging the chain of a slave,
For the tyrant they fought for and cherish'd
Their freedom had sunk in the grave.

And could ye from Pluto recover,
Their hearts, as they bounded before,
"THE SAXON" would fight the fray over,
And teach them to tremble once more.

Many, too many quotations, of a similar kind, could be given from this fascinating, but inflammatory Work. The best commentary on it will be the following extract from

Spencer's View of Ireland, a small part of which, the Author was unguarded enough to quote in the thirteenth page of his Second Volume :

IRENEUS.—" It is most true, that such Poets, as, in their writings, do labour to better the manners of men, and through the sweet bait of their numbers, to steal into the young spirits, a desire of honour and virtue. But these Irish Bards are, for the most part, of another mind, and so far from instructing young men in moral discipline, that they themselves do more deserve to be sharply disciplined, for they seldom used to choose unto themselves the doings of good men, (*such as the dying words of Lord Kilwarden*) for the argument of their poems, but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition, (*even such as Emmett, who made insurrection with those who had committed murder*) him they set up and glorify in their rhymes, him they praise to the people, and to young men, make an example to follow."

EUDOXUS. —" I marvel what kind of speeches they can find, or what faces they can put on, to praise such bad persons; or how can they think any good mind will applaud or approve the same."

IRENEUS.—" There is none so bad, Eudoxus, but shall find some to favour his doings ; but such licentious parts as these, tending for the most part to *the hurt of the English*, or the maintenance of their own lewd liberty, they themselves, being desirous thereof, do most allow. Besides this, evil things being decked and attired with gay attire of goodly words, may easily deceive and carry away the affections of a young mind that is not well stayed, but desirous, by some bold adventures, to make proof of himself; for being, (as they all be) brought up idly, without awe of parents, without principles of masters, (*denied to them by the Popish Clergy, in* 1820,) and without fear of offence, not being directed or employed in any course of life which may carry them to virtue, will easily be drawn to follow such as any shall set before them,

for a young mind cannot rest, if he be not still busied in some goodness, he will find himself such business as shall soon busy all about him. In which, if he shall find any to praise him, and give him encouragement, as those Bards and Rhymers do, for little reward, or in lieu thereof, a stolen cow, then waxeth he most insolent, and half mad with the love of himself and his own lewd deeds; and as for words to set forth such lewdness, it is not hard for him to give a goodly and painted shew thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to virtue itself. As of the most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his lifetime on spoils and robberies, one of their *Bards*, in his praise will say, that he was none of the idle milksops that were brought up at the fire-side, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises; that he never did eat his meat before he had won it with his sword; that he lay not all night slugging in his cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives; and did light his candle at the flames of their houses, to lead him in the dark, &c. &c.

"Do you not think, Eudoxus, that many of these praises might be applied to men of the best deserts; yet, they are all yielded to a most notable traitor, (*such as Emmett, or the murderers of Lord Kilwarden*) and amongst some of the Irish not smally accounted of. For the song, when it was first made and sung to a person of high degree there, was bought, as their manner is, for forty crowns."

Eudoxus.—"And well worthy, sure; but tell me, I pray you, have they any art in their compositions, or be they any thing witty or well-favoured, as poems should be?"

Irenæus.—"Yea, truly, I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them; and surely, they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not in the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet, they were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their own natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them; the which it is great pity to see so abused *to the gracing of wickedness and vice*, which, with good usage, would serve to

adorn and beautify virtue." So much for the Irish Melodies, ancient and modern.

Near Wildgoose Lodge, upon the Lynches' fate, &c.

STATE OF IRELAND.

From the Anti-Jacobin Review, and Protestant Advocate, for November, 1816—*Page* 344, &c.

We have again to call the attention of our Readers to a murder, an Irish murder of the most dreadful and alarming tendency. Every son of Ireland, who feels the smallest degree of attachment to his native land, ought to rouse himself to exertions of the severest nature, that the perpetrators of this bloody deed should be all brought to the scaffold. Papists and Protestants ought to vie with each other, for a purpose not merely laudable and right, but actually necessary, except they intend the island to be the abode of savages only. In a few years, after a few more such occurrences, if this escapes with impunity, the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands will be far more advanced in civilization. Reflect on the terrible circumstances of this case: a man's house is robbed, he detects the robbers, and brings them to justice. In revenge for which, forty men on horseback surround his house, (*on the subsequent trial, it appeared there were an hundred men present and concerned in this horrible transaction,*) and in it burn himself, his wife, his son-in law, an innocent babe, two maid-servants, and two young men——they were all burned alive!! Who in that neighbourhood will again dare to appeal to the justice of his country? Will not Divine vengeance be speedily exerted on such a country? (*And most speedily it was exerted, for in the succeeding spring the famine and the fever occurred.*) Is it credible, that the inhabitants have been conversant with the most orderly nation in Europe for three hundred years? Martial law ought instantly to be proclaimed through the county of Louth, and the neighbouring districts; soldiers ought to be quartered through every village, until each of these forty murderers is hung in chains; nay, if they were condemned to suffer "*more majorum,*" that

is, *hung up alive;* in these chains, they would then scarcely receive their deserts. Yet, shocking to say, they are all by this time absolved, if they did not receive previous *absolution.* Perhaps, some idle penance, some injunction to walk bare-footed round some holy well, or blessed stone, has been inflicted upon them.

Extract from the Dublin Correspondent of November 1, 1816:—"One of those atrocious acts of vengeance, the frequency of which brings shame upon the country, has been again committed, and under such tremendous circumstances, as beggar all power of words to describe them in their full enormity. A man named Lynch, who lived at a place within three miles of Ardee, in the county of Louth, had prosecuted, at the last assizes for that county, three men who had broken into his house at night. Upon the testimony of Lynch and his son-in-law, Rooney, these malefactors, Tiernan, Shanley, and Conlan, were convicted and suffered death accordingly. Lynch was aware of the danger to which his life was exposed by having brought these house-breakers to justice, but being a man of a firm and intrepid character, he resolved not to change his residence, and to defend himself against any violence. On Tuesday night last, at the hour of midnight, Lynch was doomed to atone by his death for having sought redress from the public justice of his country: a body of men, supposed to amount to forty, and well mounted, rode up to his dwelling, which they surrounded, and without a single compunction at the indiscriminate destruction in which they were about to involve so many, they set fire to the unfortunate man's house, and destroyed in this diabolical deed not only Lynch and his son-in-law, Rooney, but his wife, one child, two servant maids, and two young men!! Human nature sickens at the contemplation of such an act of horror, and language sinks under the task of expressing the emotion which it raises.

In consequence of the atrocious murder of Lynch and his family, a meeting of magistrates, eight in number, was held at Castle-Bellingham, on the ensuing 4th of November, the Right Honourable John Foster in the Chair, when they

adopted several spirited resolutions, and a sum of fifteen hundred pounds was subscribed in a few minutes, for the discovery and prosecution of the perpetrators of this crime, which one of them declared to be of a species unknown, but in the savage tribes of India when in open war."

LOUTH ASSIZES.

Dundalk, Wednesday, March 4, 1818.

BEFORE THE HONOURABLE JUDGE FLETCHER.

Hugh M'Cabe, John Kiernan, and James Campbell, were indicted for an assault on the house of Edward Lynch, of Wildgoose-Lodge, on the night of the 29th, or morning of the 30th of October, 1816; and also, for being aiders and abettors in setting fire to the house, and cruelly burning therein eight persons, viz. Edward Lynch, his son-in-law Rooney, two other men, inmates of Edward Lynch, three women, and a child.

Prisoners pleaded not guilty.

Bernard M'Ilroy, an approver, remembers the burning of *Wildgoose Lodge,* on the 30th of October, 1816. Witness was there as an accomplice; he met a party at *Stonestown chapel* that night, about an hour after night-fall—— Pat. Divan, who was tried and executed last assizes, was amongst that party. Divan was *school-master* and *clerk* to the *chapel*. The party that ultimately gathered at the chapel that night consisted of about forty men, armed with guns, pistols, and pitch-forks. Divan divided the whole number into two parties, and witness was of the first party; they marched from the *chapel* by the mill of Louth to Wildgoose Lodge; they met no person till they came about midway on the lane leading from the high road near Reaghstown chapel—they met about twenty persons, who had fire in a small pot; both the parties joined, and spread right and left round the hill, on which Lynch's house was situated, to prevent the family from running out of the house down to the water. The party set fire to the house as quick as possible; heard the family securing the hall door at the inside, and heard a person within threaten to shoot any one that would offer to enter the house. Divan called out with a loud voice, "*Rooney, these are not old*

times, this night is your doom." Witness was stationed at the front of the house; he was employed in adding unthreshed straw to increase the fire. Saw the door broke open with a sledge, and unthreshed straw was thrust into the door-way to increase the fire, and prevent the people from getting out; heard cries of women and children in the house; the cries did not continue long, the destruction was soon accomplished. Witness identifies John Kiernan, one of the prisoners at the bar, having been present; Kiernan was blasted in the face that night with gunpowder, he had his hand up to it, and was bemoaning the accident. Witness left the house with the first party after the burning was complete.—None of the persons in the house escaped—all were consumed. Witness thinks there were *an hundred* persons at the conflagration.

After this man had been examined, Michael Kiernan, an approver; Peter Golaghy, an approver; Thomas Gubley, an approver; and Patrick Murphy, also an approver, gave lengthened depositions, all tending to fix the guilt imputed upon the prisoners.

After these some other witnesses were examined. The prisoner Kiernan, as the case for the prosecution was about to be closed, declared that he had been at the burning, he did not wish to deny it; that there were only twenty-five persons concerned in the burning, though an hundred persons had been stated by the approvers to have been there. And in this respect he said, they had sworn falsely. The defence of the other prisoners was the usual one of an *alibi*.

This trial lasted six hours—the Jury retired about five o'clock, and the court adjourned for an hour. A few minutes before seven, the Honorable Judge again appeared, and the Jury having agreed, returned to their box. John Kiernan, Patrick M'Cabe, and James Campbell, were found guilty, and being set to the bar, and the verdict read, with astonishing effrontery cried, *we are innocent*, our prosecutors are all false and perjured; even Kiernan, though he had confessed his guilt, said the same. The obduracy of those wretched men

astonished all present ; their hardness appeared to be of the most incorrigible nature, and the Judge, with marks of indignation and astonishment, then said – "Wretched men, I am sorry to say, that you appear to be the most obdurate and hardened miscreants that ever came before me. I thought I should not be able to pronounce the sentence of the law upon you – I feared that my feelings would not be able to sustain the task my duty imposes upon me ; but your obduracy has strung my nerves, and I do feel myself able now, without any feeling for your fate, to pronounce the awful sentence of the law that awaits you." The Learned Judge then pronounced the sentence in a solemn and impressive manner, imploring them to employ the short time allotted to them in this world in fervent supplication to Almighty God to have mercy upon them, and to forgive them their offences.

On Sunday the 8th, the day previous to their execution, when the Chaplain visited them, two of them laid hold on him, and had it not been for assistance that instantly came to his relief, they would have strangled him. If this tremendous result of ignorance or erroneous instruction had not been prevented by the vigilance of the keepers of Dundalk gaol; if a Popish Chaplain had been strangled by these ruffians, what an awful resemblance would the whole transaction bear to the story of the boy, who, under the pretence of whispering to her, bit off his mother's ear, at the foot of that gallows to which her neglect or erroneous instructions had brought him. What a lesson would it have been, if any other could have been necessary, after the exhibitions at Wildgoose Lodge and Dundalk sessions house, to warn those who undertake the office of instructing the peasantry of Ireland, against keeping our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, and the pure morality of the rest of the Holy Scriptures, from them !!! See the Anti-Jacobin Review and Protestant Advocate for April, 1818, page 185, in which there is an account of the attempt made by two of the Wildgoose murderers to strangle priest Duffy, who had visited them in their cell on the day before their execution, to administer, the report says, *spiritual consolation.*

A little after six o'clock on Monday morning, the above

convicts were taken from the gaol of Dundalk, pinioned and seated in two sociables, attended by the Romish Chaplain of the gaol, Colonels Baker and Brereton, and an escort of the 14th light dragoons, Samuel Pendleton, Esq and the horse police of Dundalk, the High and Sub-Sheriff, and the gaoler and executioner. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the morning, the Right Honorable John Foster and Lord Viscount Jocelyn, most of the Grand Jury, and several gentlemen of the county attended.

This awful procession moved off at a quick pace for Reaghstown; the road to Wildgoose Lodge being impassable, or they would have suffered within the walls of the house. The hill of Reaghstown looks down on Wildgoose Lodge. These unfortunate wretches were executed, three at a time, (others, besides those whose trial has been here given, having been previously convicted of the horrible crime.) After they were cut down, three of them were sent to Corereagh, four to Hackball's Cross, and three to Louth, to be hung in chains.

Kiernan, Craven, and Lennon, submitted to their fate, and acknowledged their guilt; and just before Lennon was launched into eternity, he said *he well knew seven of his unhappy companions were guilty.* When taken out of gaol, Malone, Meighan, and Campbell, conducted themselves in a most disgraceful manner. The Romish Chaplain of the gaol intreated them by the sufferings of their Saviour to confess their guilt, and not to leave this world with a lie in their mouths. His admonitions had no effect, and the miscreants *endeavoured to inflame the minds of the populace* by declaring their innocence.—"*Qualis vita finis ita.*"

At the place of execution, their conduct was equally hardened. They prayed with apparent devotion for a short time, nobody, however, could ascertain whether it was to GOD or man—to the Divine SAVIOUR of Sinners, or to dead men or dead women, they prayed; but on ascending the scaffold, they burst out into their former exclamations against their prosecutors, and declaring their innocence. The Rev. Mr. Duffy, during this scene, is reported to have patiently and fervently implored the wretched men to meet their God as peni-

tent sinners, and to forgive their prosecutors. Quere, what had they to forgive their prosecutors ?

As this whole transaction, disgraceful as the circumstances of the crime have been to Ireland, has a strong bearing upon the present state of education and religion in this Island, it may be proper to conclude the detail of it with the following correct abstract of the Charge of the Honorable Mr. Justice Fletcher on the conviction of these murderers :—

" I will take this opportunity of making some observations on facts that have come out on these trials ; they do not actually bear on *this* case, nor are they intended for the particular observation of the jury. I address them to all who hear me, and especially for the consideration of the *Catholic clergy*. If the Priests of this and the neighbouring counties, where this horrible conspiracy was hatched and formed, possessing, as they do, and as every body knows they do, the most unbounded influence and means of information respecting the conduct of their several congregations, had done their duty, *it is impossible* such a conspiracy could have existed without coming to their knowledge.

" The prisoners already convicted of these diabolical murders, *(I am saying nothing as to those now at the bar,*) after the most serious consideration of their cases, and the solemn verdict of a jury, with a hardihood of guilt, which, long as my experience as a barrister and as a Judge has been, I never saw paralleled, have flown in the face of their GOD, and by a declaration of their innocence, attempted to disprove that guilt of which no man endowed with the smallest portion of reason could for a moment entertain a doubt. Can it be supposed that men in their situation, who must, within a few hours, appear in the presence of that Judge, to whom not only their actions, but their thoughts are known, *if they were influenced by a proper sense of their religion, or if they* were INSTRUCTED *in any the smallest particle of religious duty,* would have obstinately and impudently persisted in such a declaration, and gone out of the world with a lie in their mouths ? I say, *if the Priests* of this and the neighbouring counties had properly exerted that influence which the rituals of their Church

gave them, not only over the actions, but the secret sentiments and opinions of their flock; if they refused the performance of these rights to those who did not make penitence and disclosure of their crimes the condition of their pardon—*I say*, *if the Catholic Clergy had not slumbered on their posts*, we should never have witnessed such conduct as was yesterday exhibited in this court.

" It appears that the monster Divan, who now on a gibbet pays the forfeit of his crimes, was *clerk to a Catholic Priest*; he was, it seems, the *Parish School Master* too. It was to this *wretch* that the forming the morals and the minds of the rising generation was committed. The *chapel of Stonestown*, at whose altar he was administering, was the place of meeting for the party, of which he was the leader. *Another chapel*, that of *Reaghstown*, was the general rendezvous of all the parties of this diabolical confederation. If the Priests of these parishes had done their duty, could these meetings have taken place without coming to their knowledge? And if the Catholic Priests do not do their duty, where are their Bishops? Do they too sleep upon their posts? Why do not they pour upon their Clergy the censures of their Church—censures which we know they have the power of visiting in the severest manner.

" I know not whether any Catholic Priest now hears me, nor do I care; what I speak is for public benefit, and I wish it to be publicly known. I respect the members of EVERY CHRISTIAN Communion, who conscientiously discharge their important duties. The friendly feelings I have borne to the Catholic religion are well known; my character and my conduct in that respect are known and established; I therefore call on its clergy of every description—*Bishops* and *Priests*, to come forward and exert the authority they possess. I call on them by every obligation as ministers and men to come forward and vindicate their sacerdotal character, by an active and sincere performance of their duty. I have seen cases, where religious, and these political differences (if they can be called *political*) which have distracted this unfortunate

country, have caused much animosity between parties; I have seen cases between Orangemen and Ribbonmen, but this is no case of party zeal or religious fanaticism—here was Catholic against Catholic—here we see *a wide extended conspiracy*—men from all parts, east, west, north, and south, from the counties of Meath and of Monaghan, and of Cavan, and of Louth, bound by oaths, for the commission of any crime to which their leaders might conduct them, and these leaders, selected for their determined and desperate character, joining in a desperate and diabolical scheme for the destruction of an unfortunate man and his family, against whom it does not appear that any of them felt *personal animosity*—most of them had never seen him; and, it is probable, many of them, until then, had never even heard of him. What was the offence that called for the extinction of this man, and every living creature that composed his family? He had the audacity to defend his property, when it was attacked by a band of *nightly robbers*; and when he appealed to the laws of his country for redress, he brought three of these robbers to condign punishment. Do the deluded people of this country consider to what their conduct tends? I will tell them—it will drive from it every man of mild and peaceable disposition—every man of mild and humane feeling—all those who, by their property, or from inclination, would be likely to improve it, or meliorate their condition; in short, every man, who is not boldly determined to risk his safety, to set them at defiance, and stand ever watchful, and on his guard. To this wretched state would they reduce this country. And what are the laws they thus labour to subvert? I know something of the laws of *other* countries, and I have grown old in the study, and the practice, and the administration of the laws of *this*, and I tell you all, there is not a country upon earth, whose criminal code is founded upon principles so humane and so benevolent; there is no country on earth but this, where the first duty of the Judge is, to be of Counsel for the prisoner."—(*Anti-jacobin Review, Vol.* LIV. *page* 180, *published by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster-Row, London.*)

Here we have a call upon the Romish Clergy of several counties in Ireland, to which it was their duty, in justice to themselves, if innocent of the imputation cast upon them, to attend most seriously ; a call too, not from an adversary, but a benevolent friend—" one whose character and conduct, (to use his own words) with respect to their religion, are known and established." And how has this call been attended to ? It has produced neither notice or effect, except the forfeiture of a considerable portion of the popularity which the learned Judge had previously acquired among a description of men ever known to entertain more hostility to those who go part of the way with them in their progress to political power, and decline to proceed to extremities, than against their most determined adversaries. None of the monthly conferences of Ecclesiastics, who assemble in the neighbourhood of Stonestown and Reaghstown Mass-houses, have published resolutions or offered subscriptions for the apprehension and conviction of *the eighty four outstanding murderers ;* we hear not of their being excommunicated in either of these places ; or, that the altar at Stonestown, desecrated by the brutal massacre plotted there, and polluted by the public ministry of the murderer Divan, has been consecrated again in the presence of a multitude called there to witness the abhorrence entertained by their clergy of this murderous conspiracy—not a word of this kind is heard ; and the Romish clergy are still " *sleeping on their post* " in profound security, or rather, alive, awake, and active on their posts, denouncing Bibles and Schools, and denominating, with unparalleled audacity, their countrymen "*wolves in sheep's clothing*," for no other cause than their benevolent efforts to educate the rising generation in such christian principles as would lead them to abhor the dreadful example of such murderers as Divan, of Stonestown chapel, and the cruel Ribbonmen of the Archdiocese of Tuam. They are busily occupied in abusing and calumniating the Clergy of the Established Church, and other teachers of the reformed Faith in Ireland, particularly the former, to whose residence in their parishes, and activity as administrators of justice, a great proportion of our

late tranquillity may be most justly ascribed, and who are now beginning to be fired at like "*wolves*," or wild geese, in the Province of Connaught, not only in revenge for their magisterial exertions in preserving the peace, but because they are denominated by the Pope and his Clergy, *lying teachers, bringing in sects of perdition.*

Now, if this dreadful accusation be well founded—if the teachers of the Protestant Religion, and the Clergy of the National Church at the head of them, be really and truly lying teachers, and the bringers-in of sects of perdition, the sooner they are extirpated from the island the better; severe as the act may be deemed, none can deny it to be an act of mercy to the souls of millions yet unborn, who may perish by their means. But if, on the contrary, the religion called "*Catholic*" in Ireland, be what Archbishop Usher, and eleven other Irish Bishops, most solemnly and publicly declared it to have been on the 23d of April, 1727—if it be no other than "*a deluge of Catholic Apostacy*," *in which our deluded countrymen are perishing by thousands and millions*—if it be, what Saint John the Divine calls it, "The hold of every foul spirit, the Mother of Harlots, and abomination of the earth, drunken with the blood of the Saints and Martyrs of JESUS CHRIST, then it behoves the British government and legislature, to revert to the original principles of the Constitution, no longer fascinated by the pernicious delusions of Burkism or Grattanism—to beware, how, for any present temporal advantages, or apparent advantages, they encourage by immunities such an execrable superstition, which is no more or less than "*setting religion to sale, and with it the souls of the people*," precisely with the same degree of incredible impiety, that (as it is alledged) the East India Company derives an annual income from the pilgrims, whom they permit to offer human sacrifices at the wheel of the Juggernaut Idol. It behoves the deluded people of Ireland to awake from their deadly stupor, and emancipate themselves from this Babylon; to take the profitable advice on record in the Revelations, "TO COME OUT OF HER," nor be any longer partakers of her sins—that they be not partakers of her plagues!"

It will, at least, be now most confidently expected, that one of the first acts of the reign of our beloved Monarch, King George the Fourth, after he has taken the Coronation Oath, to which his Majesty's known and avowed principles so fully accord, will be, the effectual preservation of the true religion established amongst us, and the protection of its clergy and laity from the intolerable insults and injuries with which they have been most audaciously troubled for the last twenty-five years.

In mercy even to his Majesty's subjects of the Romish profession, (many of whom are not of that persuasion, though they dare not say so,) some act of this kind would be most desirable at the present time. Many, very many, are just now heart sick of the fatal mockery in which they have been educated, and would quietly amalgamate with their christian countrymen, were it not for the late encouragement given in a spurious spirit of liberality to Popery, and for a kind of respect to the errors of their ancestors, intermingled with a secret fear of suffering persecution from a rich and artful Popish Hierarchy, aided by their lay brethren, the brutalized and ferocious members of the Ribbon Association, who are at this day, denouncing vengeance against several who have had the wisdom to forsake the errors of the Church of Rome.

Mr. O'Connell himself, has repeatedly declared, that though he was a Catholic, he was no Papist; and a declaration of this in a legal manner, would be all that could be necessary to emancipate him in every sense of the word. His becoming a member of the primitive Apostolic Council of the empire, would effect this.

In the following speech of a gentleman of the Romish profession, at a public meeting in the Mass-house of the Shire town of Cavan, on the 28th of October, 1817, affords still further and more undeniable evidence of the contempt into which the Popish clergy of Ireland have fallen with their own people.

"'At the meeting held by public requisition, Thomas M'Cabe, of Shanhill, Esq. in the Chair, Dr. M'Donald is reported in

the public papers of the day, and in the Anti-Jacobin Review, (Vol. liii. page 547,) to have thus addressed the Chair :

Mr. CHAIRMAN— "The object of this meeting is very well known. I know it is with reluctance the laity come forward on this occasion, and nothing but a superior and irresistible sense of duty could have brought me to meddle at all in ecclesiastical concerns. It is a lamentable fact, that *notorious* and *flagrant abuses* have been growing up in this diocese for a considerable time ; they are becoming the theme of universal conversation and animadversion with all ranks of people, Clergy and Laity, Protestants and Catholics. It is time that the hollow murmurings of general discontent should find vent through their proper channel—the public expression of our sentiments. It is not my intention to enumerate all the abuses, or mention the names of the unfortunate men, whose *scandalous lives* render them unfit for the ministry of the GOSPEL ; instead of keeping pace with the illumination of the age, and improving it in morality and good sense, *we have been progressive in a state of rapid and shameful deterioration !*

"Ganganelli, one of the greatest luminaries ever the Church beheld, advised the Ministers of the Gospel to guard against infidelity on the one hand, and superstition on the other.—— Has that admonition been adhered to in this diocese ? On the contrary, *a superstition of the most monstrous and detestable description*, that would have dishonoured and disgraced the most barbarous ages of the world, has taken firm root, and threatens to incorporate itself with true religion, so as to destroy its purity, respectability, and dignity. I have no doubt that miracles have been worked in the early ages of the Church, even after the days of the Apostles, but then they were only pretended to by men of the most sanctified lives, and whose moral character was above all suspicion ; but at this enlightened period of the world, this exclusive right of working miracles is laid claim to by men of the most infamous and profligate characters, demoralized wretches, who are not only a dishonour to religion, but *disgraceful to human nature !* Some of them so far gone in folly as well as depravity, as to disdain the aid of hypocrisy, making religion a pander to their

avarice and profligacy. These are lamentable facts; but lamentable as they are, there are present here this moment, some of the most excellent of the Clergy, to attest, if necessary, the truth of what I assert."

So far this Romish gentleman harangued a congregation of his own profession, in the Mass-house of Cavan, at a respectable public meeting. Those best acquainted with Ireland may readily add their testimony, that there is not a diocese in any part of it, and more particularly in the Archdiocese of Tuam, without infallibles of this description; factious and abandoned profligates, training up the youthful peasant into habits of debauchery, drunkenness, mendicity, and disloyalty, to the ruin of the bodies and souls of those unhappy people, and the shame and confusion of others of their order, who are influenced only by the fatal tenets of a church which control their better feelings and dispositions, and who, (to use the words of the wise and learned Bishop of Meath, in his Charge to the Clergy of his diocese on the 11th of July, 1818,) "Dreading being censured for want of zeal by their more bigoted and infuriate brethren, have not the spirit to free themselves from this thraldom, and suffer *the stigma to attach to the whole with scarcely an exception.*"

What a cause of lamentation is it, (says the author of a late Epistle to the Bishop of Norwich,) that ever such a religion should have contaminated the generous breast of an Irishman! Would to God it had been for ever confined to its native country; there its murderous spirit meets a corresponding ferocity in the natural and vindictive treachery of the inhabitants; but why pollute the fair soil of ERIN with its direful contagion? Why transform her generous sons into such savages, as perpetrated the horrid massacres of Wexford bridge, and at the barn of Scullabogue? What oceans of Protestant blood would have been spared? What peace, industry, and concord, would have blessed our happy land, had this scourge of human nature never spread its baneful influence over this otherwise favoured Isle—a Religion, (if religion it can be denominated,) which ought to be extinguished from the face of the Earth? Humanity demands

its sacrifice, and the providence of GOD is, in fact, rapidly exterminating it, and instituting THE RELIGION OF THE BIBLE IN ITS PLACE.

Then raged the Typhus Fever far and wide,
Thro' all the Land the voice of anguish cried, &c.

This fatal disease, which raged with so much fury in Ireland, in the year 1817, was generated among the Popish peasantry in the mountainous districts, and carried by them in all directions through the country, when they abandoned their dwellings by hundreds, and like a living tide of misery and corruption, entered the towns, and swarmed about the houses, devouring, in the extremity of famine, the very refuse of swine upon the dung-hills. There is, in fact, a very perceptible connection between Popery and idleness, mendicity and disease; it is not only in a spiritual, but even bodily sense, that it is unsound and leprous from head to foot. From the dawn of early infancy, to the day of his death, the Papist is so circumstanced, as to be led into habits of idleness, and consequent vice and misery. He is taught that poverty confers a degree of merit, both upon him who suffers under it, and the person who relieves him. The welcome periodical visits of the *bare-footed Friar*, whom he is taught to look upon as a model of saintly perfection, diminish his horror of beggary, and extinguish every spark of independence in his mind; he is led insensibly to admire not only the costume of mendicity, but the address and the artifice of the mendicant; he smiles at the assumed crutches of the light-footed cripple, or the pretended blindness of the clamorous impostor on the bridge. The habitual regard of TRUTH and DECENCY, which ought to form a principal object of a Christian education, is thus most effectually obliterated, if ever it is suffered to find entrance, and the youth rises into manhood, with all that proverbial treachery and rascality, which characterise the lower order of Papists in England or Scotland, and exhibit Popery in such disgusting perfection in London and Glasgow. An Irishman, thus educated, is not afraid to marry at the age of sixteen,

though he possesses no more in the world than the fee paid to the Priest, who, in many parts of the island, particularly in the province of Munster, derives an enormous revenue from encouraging this early propagation of misery ; in many parts of that Province, the marriage fee of poorest peasants, and even of menial servants, amounted *during the war*, to the sum of two guineas and an half, to procure which, the greater part of the unfortunate bride and bridegroom's wardrobe have been oftentimes sold. A few days work provides the new-married couple with a damp, unwholesome residence ; the quantity of food they have to expect, depends not only on their labour, but the quantity of filth or manure with which they can surround their cabin ; and if, at the age of thirty years, they find themselves encumbered with a numerous and sickly offspring, which their Priests will not allow to be educated in habits of religion, cleanliness, and industry, they are not ashamed to sally forth from their miserable home, and beg through the country, covered with rags and vermin, studiously refraining from washing their blankets, or even their faces, lest the slightest appearance of cleanliness should diminish the commiseration they intend to excite, and upon which they calculate for their means of living, without being obliged to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. The father of the family indeed, may be, in many cases, exempted from the imputation of laziness, but his efforts are irregular ; and often even, when he can procure constant employment, unhappily alternates an excessive labour with the indulgence of idleness on obsolete *holy days*, late hours, and in drunkenness, which are all equally destructive of health. While he is at work in England, Scotland, or the agricultural counties of his native land, his wife and children traverse the country, soliciting money and provisions all day, and finding a certain reception of hearty welcome every night from the poorer occupiers of cabins, to whom they come loaded with food, oftentimes well furnished with money, and always bringing either straw or hay, begged or stolen, which answers the double purpose of bedding for themselves, and remuneration for their

lodging on their departure in the morning. The doctrine of *works attoning for sin*, is the sheet-anchor of mendicity in Ireland; and it would require an East Indian Treasury to remedy this progressive evil—if no other remedy exists but almsgiving. The most selfish and uncharitable contribute to perpetuate this nuisance, by giving alms to all who solicit it with sufficient importunity, merely because they trust it will purchase to themselves a license to commit sin with impunity, or prove the means of liberating their departed relatives from purgatory; and oftentimes are they terrified into compliance by the bitter execrations which a refusal excites. In this manner is that most deleterious bounty on idleness and vice oftentimes extorted from the terrors of a morbid superstition, which common sense and mere humanity ought to withhold. A numerous race of hereditary mendicants, a species of Gipsies, have been thus produced in Ireland, to its incalculable injury and disgrace; for it is known by melancholy experience, that when a family spends one successful summer in begging, not one out of an hundred of them will ever settle into quiet unobtrusive industry, or submit to the trouble of earning that bread with the sweat of their brow, which they have discovered an easier and more agreeable method of obtaining.

It requires no great degree of medical knowledge and experience to discover that diseases of all kinds, and particularly contagious maladies, must be prevalent among a body of people composed of families of this miserable people, than among a hardy, high-spirited, religious, and industrious population; and, accordingly we find that it was by the former that the *typhus fever* of 1817, was generated and introduced among the British inhabitants of Ulster, who exposed themselves to the fatal contagion by their humanity and Christian charity, in relieving the hordes of starving and sickly mendicants that flocked to them for relief during the prevalence of the famine and fever. The following account of the manner in which these unfortunate people brought the fatal disease into the thriving town of Strabane, or generated it there, will be found in the eleventh and succeeding pages of Doctor Rogan's interesting observations on the condition of

the middle and lower Classes in the North of Ireland, published by Whitmore & Fenn, Charing-Cross, London, 1819.

" Early in the Spring of 1817, a soup-shop was established by private subscription, for the relief of the poor inhabitants of Strabane. On an accurate census, they were found to amount to three hundred and four families, containing one thousand and twenty-six individuals; but in this return, few were included, except the actual paupers, as a feeling of pride prevented many, in extreme distress, from applying for subsistence of this kind. To the families placed on the list, a gratuitous distribution of soup was made three days in each week, in proportion to the number of their children. It was at first intended to confine this relief to those who were permanent residents, but *the multitudes* who flocked in from the surrounding country, as the season advanced, and who were actually perishing in the streets from want, made it soon indispensable to prepare a larger quantity of broth every day, in order to preserve their lives; beside the money subscribed for the soup-shop, a considerable sum was lent by the charitable inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, for the purchase of rice, oat-meal, and rye-flour, to be sold to the poor at first cost. The latter was baked into loaves, which were eagerly purchased, as the bread was very palatable, and cheaper than almost any kind of food.

Great as the number of paupers must appear, when the population of the town is considered, it soon bore a very small proportion to those who came from all parts of the country; the streets were thronged with beggars, whose emaciated bodies plainly shewed the extent of their sufferings from famine As the summer advanced, vegetables, not generally considered as esculent, were greedily eaten. Nettles, wild mustard, and the leaves of cabbage, were sought for most anxiously, and, with a very small admixture of oatmeal, formed the chief support of many families who endeavoured to remain in their cottages. When the begging poor were so fortunate as to get a few potatoes, their impatience to satisfy their hunger often prevented them from waiting till they were sufficiently boiled, so that they were eaten as soon as they became warm

cabbage leaves were devoured without any previous cooking. The bad effects of such food were soon apparent—Dysentery, Anasarca, and Fever ensued, which latter soon became widely diffused through the town, so that in a few weeks above an hundred persons were taken ill in different parts of the town.

" On visiting the houses where fever prevailed, I found some of them in a state of filth beyond any thing I had ever witnessed. That in which *the disease began*, had been occupied during the winter by a number of families, who had come from the mountains in search of employment, and had brought with them no furniture, nor any bedding except their blankets, (which they never could spare for the purpose of being washed,)—the poor got lodging here at a penny per night. The floors and stair-case were covered with filth, which had been accumulated for many months ; the straw used as bedding, which had not been changed for a great length of time, was gathered into a corner of the room in the morning, and spread over the floor at night. So numerous were the strangers from the surrounding country, that twenty or more often lay in one small room. To protect themselves from the cold, every crevice, by which air could find entrance, was carefully closed. The roof was in such bad repair, that the floors were always damp, and the cellars filled during the winter with stagnant water, which emitted a stench so offensive as to be perceptible at a considerable distance." Thus was the fever spread through Strabane ; in no part of Ireland was the calamity heavier—in none was it more humanely alleviated. Among the greatest sufferers, from the turbulency of the Romish peasantry, during the war, may be reckoned the Clergy of the Established Church, against whom their peculiar animosity had been directed under the different denominations of Defenders, Threshers, Carders, or Ribbonmen. In what a Christian-like manner these injuries were requited, appears in record on the Public Journals of the day, by which it appears that these injured and insulted order of men took the lead in every plan for the relief of the distressed peasantry of every denomination ; and in what proportion they contributed to the public contributions, out

of incomes diminished to an unparalleled degree, and often paid to them with the utmost reluctance and delay. Among the authentic documents of this fact, none is more accurate and decisive than that which is to be found among Doctor Rogan's observations.

"The benefits," says this Gentleman, "resulting to this part of Ireland from the residence of the Parochial Clergy of the Established Church, may be instanced in proof of the advantages to be looked for from the presence of the possessors of landed property. They are, in most instances, the authors of every plan for alleviating the distresses of the inhabitants, or in any way improving their condition; and, far from confining their exertions within the pale of their own Church, they are equally employed in benefiting those of every religious persuasion, whilst they are enabled, by the accurate knowledge they possess of the wants and circumstances of their parishioners, to afford assistance where it is most required, and in the manner most likely to prove beneficial. They constitute, in a considerable part of this Province, the greater number of the gentry; and the influence they possess, from their constant residence in their parishes, seems to contribute largely in producing the general good conduct, for which the inhabitants of Ulster are remarkable."—(*Page* 120.)

Yet thus FONTANA *fulminates from Rome,*
And KELLY *ventures to denounce at home, &c.*

The rash and uncharitable Circular Letters of these bigoted Ecclesiastics, have drawn the following observations, among others, from "THE PROTESTANT," a distinguished Weekly Publication, now appearing in Glasgow and Dublin, No. LXXXI. dated Saturday, January 29, 1820:

"In this letter from the Prefect of the College of Propaganda, as well as in the echo and amplication of it by the Titular Archbishop, we draw adirect and avowed interference of the Pope of Rome in the civil and domestic affairs of the people of Ireland, and that in opposition to the declared mind of our own Sovereign, and the active endeavours of all ranks,

who have avowed their conviction, that the happiness of the people in that kingdom cannot be promoted, without establishing schools for the education of the lower classes. Schools, almost without number, have been established throughout the country; they are supported chiefly by voluntary subscription of British Protestants, with the Princes of the Royal Family at their head. Those who have the direction of this benevolent undertaking, have introduced the word of GOD into the Schools; and in doing so, they conceived that they were doing their duty to GOD, and to their fellow-creatures. The question at present is not, whether the Bible be a suitable school-book? For my own part, I am persuaded there cannot be a better; but supposing, for the sake of argument, that it were otherwise, I ask, what has the Pope of Rome to do with it? The people of Ireland are the subjects of his Majesty King George the Third, who, many years ago, expressed his wish, *that every child in his dominions might be able to read the Bible, and have a Bible to read.* The subjects of this venerable Monarch, countenanced by the Princes of his family, are doing what they can in order to accomplish his benevolent desire. They have been wonderfully successful in Ireland; and, because they have been so, the Pope takes the alarm; he claims the people of Ireland as *his* subjects; he calls upon his agents the Romish Priests, to obstruct by every means in their power, what the Sovereign and the people of Britain, have considered necessary for the welfare of the inhabitants of that part of the empire. Is it possible, that such *insolence*—such an *encroachment of the independence of the British Empire*, should pass without a solemn universal protest against it?

"I know our Papists will reply, that he claims no more than spiritual authority over his spiritual children; and that he calls upon his Bishops only, to watch over their spiritual interests; but this, like almost every Popish argument, rests on falsehood. The present interference of the Pope is with *Schools for Education.* The establishment of Schools is a civil matter; the appointment of what books shall be read in Schools, is a civil matter; teaching children to read, is a ci-

vil matter. It is as secular men, that patrons of Schools prescribe the reading of the Bible. They cannot add the least influence to its doctrines, and they can add no weight to its authority; but believing it to be the word of God, they hope it will do good to some, and are sure it can do no harm to any. But supposing they judged erroneously, the Pope has nothing to do with it—It is a matter of Civil and Domestic Arrangement, with which no power Civil or Sacred, without this kingdom, has a right to intermeddle."

The Author then proceeds to convict the Bishop of Rome, either of fallibility or wilful falsehood, in the late Circular Letter from the Propaganda, which erroneously alledges that the Bibles used in the schools of Ireland, have been *translated by the Bible Society;* whereas, it is well known that the Bibles distributed by this Society, are of the authorized version, which was translated into English more than two hundred years ago. This document, therefore, proves that *infallibility* may be mistaken; or, that *infallibility* can tell a deliberate *lie.* I leave it to the humble servants of the Pope to make their choice between the two, for it is not possible for them to escape both. If the Pope had read a copy of the Bible which the Bible Society distributed, with its dedication, to King James the First, he would have known that it was not translated by the present distributors of it; but as it is evident that he has not read, or seen even one of them, it required not only Popish impudence, but the impudence of a Pope to assert, that "*it is abounding with errors!*"

The whole of this Number is well worth perusal; and the Author intends to take up Doctor Kelly's charge in his next, which he will, no doubt, handle with his usual ability.

Thus, Tuam's Archdiocese this day appears, &c.

The state of this Archdiocese, and particularly of the immediate neighbourhood of Tuam, but ill accords with the following eulogium pronounced on the Popish inhabitants of it by Doctor Kelly, in his Pastoral Letter:

"I cannot conceal the consolation that I experience, when

I reflect on your temperate, peaceful, and consistent demeanour under trials and temptations."

Now, except he means that this undeserved praise should be understood as censure in disguise, how can it be reconciled to the present horrible state of that part of Ireland.

The *Tuam Gazette*, after informing the public, (at the very time when this singular document appeared,) that Doctor Kelly had been obliged to excommunicate some of these people at the Mass-house of Tuam, and that these temperate, peaceful, and *consistent* Catholics, immediately after his admonition, launched into the most horrible expressions, and endeavoured to gain over to their ranks the people who were *but that moment* made sensible of the enormity of their proceedings, and the necessity of deserting from their *midnight meetings.*—(*Tuam Gazette, quoted in the Belfast News Letter.*)

Impales his victim on a novel rack,
Or cards the bleeding muscles from his back.

In one of the Newspapers, which published Doctor Kelly's eulogium on the Papists of his Diocese, appeared the following extract from the Athlone Herald, detailing a most savage and horrible outrage perpetrated by the temperate, peaceable, and *consistent* Ribbonmen of Tuam, whose attention has been so lately called out against the wolves in sheep's clothing, who are endeavouring to have their children taught to *search the Scriptures.*

The detachment of Police stationed in Ballintubber, succeeded on Monday se'nnight, in apprehending four Ribbonmen, charged with offences of the most henious malignity in the vicinity of Ballinlough. Having broken into a house where arms were kept by the owner for his protection, to extort a discovery, they beat and abused the poor man unmercifully with clubs; they then proceeded to torture him, harrowing and hackling his naked body with a strong thorny bush, until his flesh was torn and mangled to a jelly. Lastly, they had recourse to the novel punishment of impaling, and actually forced a sharp wooden instrument into the rectum, and a considerable way up through his body. These mon-

sters were identified by the man and his wife, who swore informations against them, before Major Willis, by whom they were committed to the gaol of Roscommon.—*Strabane Morning Post, January* 4, 1820—*No.* 426.

Yet, without the slightest allusion to the known state of the country ; without any desire to take so convenient an opportunity of denouncing the midnight murderers, who are traversing the Province of Connaught in armed multitudes, the Titular Bishop talks to the peasantry in a style which would lead a stranger to suppose they had so many *trials and temptations* to endure, that they deserved to be praised for their loyalty, because they had not commenced their operations till the English Radicals were put down. He rouses them into fresh alarms by his bitter and unchristian language against those unoffending persons who have most laudably devoted their time and their money to render the peasantry of the Archdiocese to be really what he—*speaking unto them smooth things, prophesying deceit*, praises them for being, when he tells them, without excepting one of them—that " *he rejoices to see that they have rendered themselves worthy of the approbation of their Pastor, and that their virtuous, LOYAL,* (SIC LUCUS a non lucendo) *and peaceable conduct is conformable,* (quite so) *to their religious principles, and to the instructions they have received.*" Thus have we a military manifesto, couched under the disguise of a Pastoral Address—a sword concealed under an ecclesiastical vestment, and rivers of oil turned in upon an incipient blaze.

The following, among too many similar accounts, may serve to prove the truth of the foregoing observations.

CASTLEBAR, JAN. 31, 1820.—We learn, with much regret, that those deluded wretches, who call themselves Ribbonmen, continue to give serious annoyance to the peaceable inhabitants of a considerable district of this county. They are penetrating our boundaries from the counties both of Galway and Roscommon, and to frustrate their active schemes of evil, a very increased degree of vigilance will, we apprehend, be necessary on the part of the Magistracy and Gentry,

generally. Many of them are already honourably conspicuous, and to their exertions we owe it, that those miscreants have hitherto in this county, done but little injury, although they have dared to threaten much.

The Staff of the South Mayo Militia, from Westport, commanded by Adjutant Higgins, passed through this town yesterday; and the Staff of the North Mayo, from Ballina, under the orders of Colonel Jackson, arrived here this day, and are to go forward to morrow. We are not acquainted with their destination, nor, as we are informed, are the men themselves.

We have accounts of other outrages and bloodshedding near Moylough, in the county of Galway, but so indistinct, as to make it imprudent to notice for the present, even the particulars which are communicated.—*Mayo Constitution.*

ASSIZES INTELLIGENCE.

GALWAY, MARCH 24, 1820.—Edward Kenny, James Murphy, Thomas Roche, Thady Reilly, John Ryder, Thomas Fleming, John Kenny, James Hynes, Mark Sheridan, or Cresham, Patrick Concannon, Owen Reddington, Thomas Murphy, Michael Fleming, Thomas Sinnot, Michael Magrath, Darby Reddington, John Donohoe, Michael Reilly, and Patrick Heavy, were given in charge on an indictment for appearing armed by night, and assuming the name of Ribbonmen, at Ballygaddy, on the 2d of February last.

After the evidence on the part of the Crown closed, the following witness and others, were examined.

The Rev. Dr. Oliver Kelly, Titular Archbishop of Tuam, knows some of the prisoners; They live at Earcloney, *they had been advising with witness; knew of the Ribbon system being in the country, and of the country being in a bad state*; knows Thomas Roche, James Murphy, Thady Reilly, Patrick Concannon, Darby Reddington, John Kenny, Thomas Murphy, and Thomas Sinnot; *they were very peaceable and well-conducted men*; would not be surprised at hearing of people being armed in that neighbourhood; the people had been advising with witness how they should conduct themselves in case the

Ribbonmen came amongst them; witness advised them to resist the Ribbonmen.

By a Juror—*Did not advise them to make pikes for their own defence.*

All the prisoners were found guilty; sentence not passed.

It appeared on this trial, not only that *Dr. Kelly had been deceived by these infamous villains, but that likewise Mr. Blake, the Sovereign of Tuam, had been deluded, by their professing that they were acting against the Ribbonmen*; and, under the protection of this Gentleman, and by the *evidence of Dr. Kelly, they expected to have escaped punishment.* The whole of this trial should caution Gentlemen in future, from *affording protection or countenance to the lower orders of the people, unless they should have the most demonstrative evidence within their own knowledge of the loyalty and good conduct of the individuals.* Had Major Place, a most meritorious and deserving officer, been killed in this affray, the feelings of those Gentlemen, we are sure, would have been greatly agonized.—*Cavan Herald, April 4th*, 1820.

APPENDIX.

Epistle

TO AN ECCLESIASTIC,

ON THE BURNING OF A NEWSPAPER, WHICH CONTAINED AN EXTRACT FROM THE HISTORICAL POEM, OCCASIONED BY THE CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CARDINAL FONTANA AND DOCTOR KELLY:

GRAVE Sir, why thus in childish rage,
In this bright scientific age,
Vent your weak anger on a page,
Which many have commended.
That page afforded no pretence,
To any man of common sense,
To take foul umbrage or offence
At what was well intended.

'Twas meant, most humbly to record,
The visitations of the LORD
On those who slight his Holy Word,
And live in hate or malice;
That he who would from men remove
The volume of redeeming love,
Brings no commission from above,
To cottage or to palace.

This folly served but to amaze,
The men who saw you frown and gaze,
Upon that melancholy blaze,
Sad emblem of another;
Where the lost sinner's piercing cries,
And shrieks for vengeance rend the skies,
'Gainst those who taught him to despise,
And persecute his brother.

Fix'd for all ages is that state,
No prayer of your's can change his fate;
But, for yourself—bright Mercy's gate
Is kindly open still—
Retire and pray with all your might,
That on your soul, now dark as night,
Heaven may bestow one ray of light,
To rectify your will.

To teach you, ere you teach again,
That human efforts must be vain,
The Bible's progress to restrain,
On land or spacious ocean;
That when your angry labour's done,
It will be just as if you'd run
To cast your mantle o'er the sun,
To entertain such notion.

And now FAREWELL—the day will come,
When pale and trembling from the tomb,
You'll rise to your eternal doom,
Of misery or bliss—
To right or left hand borne away,
You'll either bless or curse the day,
That pity sent you on your way,
A lesson such as this.

JOHN GRAHAM.

Lifford, Jan. 27th, 1820.

A PASTORAL LETTER

From Rome,

IN THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING POEMS.)

FRIENDS, brothers, bishops, earnestly we call
On all our clergy to subdue Saint Paul,
The man of Tarsus, tho' his head lies low,
Lives in his writings, our eternal foe ;
Would, he had perished at an early day,
Or to Damascus, when he took his way,
Had dropp'd down dead before he was baptiz'd,
Or joined the cause he hated and despis'd ;
Time yet will come, if prophets tell no lie,
And we are dreading that it now draws nigh,
When men, convinc'd by Paul, shall forward stand,
To purge from error every Christian land,
When full of knowledge all the earth shall be,
As tides and currents fill the teeming sea :
Then truth, victorious, beaming upon man,
Shall to each eye, unfold the Gospel plan,
And to the world reveal, in open day,
The wiles we practice, and the tricks we play.
That fatal day, whene'er it shall arrive,
Will not, I fondly hope, find me alive ;
But on our dear successors and their friends,
The weight of all this horrid storm impends :

Therefore look sharp, nor grant to small or great,
The liberty the Scriptures to translate—
Wax noses call them—every name that's vile,
And in the indulgence of your bitter bile,
Rival the vigour of our own Carlile ;
Carlile, the Bibles's foe, must be our friend,
By different means, we seek one common end.
He for "the Cause," slights liberty and life,
We call the Scriptures oracles of strife ;
He tells the Christians they are knaves and fools,
We curse the Bible and the Christian schools.
Thus, it behoves us to make rapid strides,
To guard our altars, and our fire-sides ;
Since we can't burn these records, let them lie
Lock'd up in latin from the vulgar eye,
Left to be studied and commented on,
By orthodox old doctors of Sorbonne :
Who, when their hoary heads are warm with wine,
Can best unravel mysteries divine,
And since this world's the rough wild field we till,
Let us disseminate the seeds of ill,
Commence our labours ever in good time,
Corrupt the hearts of youth before their prime ;
Keep them from Bibles, stupify their mind,
And full returns in manhood we shall find—
Teach them to lie, to flatter, and deceive,
A source of gain shall rise from every knave ;
For if mankind should too religious grow,
"The Church" must half her perquisites forego,
Sin swells the bank that feeds the Pontiff's purse,
And true religion proves his greatest curse.
Rome's ancient fabrick on some pillar leans,
The props of all her glory and her gains ;

Of these, confession holds the highest place,
That ready mode of merchandizing grace!
The fairest farm may disappoint the swain,
Who looks in Autumn for the promised grain;
Tho' grapes should load the branches of the vine,
Hail, rain, or wind, may blast all hopes of wine;
War may lay waste the monarch's wide domains,
And sweep the crops and cattle from the plains;
But strict confession to a knowing hand,
Yields fruit more certain than the richest land.
No rain, no storms, no dire effects of war,
Its regular returns of profit mar;
Arm'd with this weapon, Princes feel our weight,
When fit occasion, serves in every state.
King's from their thrones indignant have we hurl'd
And beggars raised to rule a conquer'd world.
The Corsican Usurper's friends we stood,
Crown'd, blessed, and married him to royal blood,
Leaving his lawful wife in widowhood.
Think not our influence we over-rate,
Recounting thus our power in the state;
For when the secrets of all hearts we know,
Prolific seeds of treason we may sow,
And with sly hints, and whispers of their force,
Incite the rabble to each factious course:
Kindle foul rancour in the peoples' breast,
Against the men we envy or detest;
Marking them by some execrable name,
We blast them as the sons of sin and shame,
Doom'd in their cursed carcases to feel,
The fiery faggot, or the avenging steel;

And when we lead our friends into a scrape,
Or when they're charged with murder or with rape,
We often make away for their escape.
By large collections, at our altars made,
To hir'd witnesses and lawyers paid—
By closely questioning and shriving those,
Who must give testimony for our foes ;
And by that practice which the Christian loaths,
Our absolutions for man's broken oaths.
Hear now, to whom your chief attention 's due,
Still keep this wise arrangement in your view :
Let the old Matron claim your prior care,
Whose wealth and weakness seem to promise fair,
Whose abject superstition may supply,
The means your avarice to gratify.
Next let the usurer attract your eye,
Who loves to live in sin, a saint to die.
The Merchant next, the profits of whose trade,
Require that offerings to the Church be paid.
Make the transgressor compromise with gold,
The oaths he falsely swore, the lies he told ;
And should our friends hold offices of state
Should they become by blood or plunder great
Or dare against our views to legislate :
Mark them as sources of abundant gain—
High must the penance be, when deep the stain.
When stretch'd in agony upon his bed,
A raging fever strikes the rich man's head.
When drugs and doctors bring no more relief,
And all the family is plunged in grief,

Be sure ye carefully that bed attend,
As if this Dives were your dearest friend ;
Though vice had stained his life too gross to name,
For which you witness neither grief nor shame,
Give him your transubstantiated bread,
Your off'ring for the living and the dead—
Anoint his body, whisper in his ear,
That he from every mortal sin is clear—
That trusting in himself, and in the Pope,
He needs no stronger anchor for his hope ;
And though the awful hour of death draws nigh,
Leave him in fatal ignorance to die.
For his departed soul let mass be sung,
Processions walk, and blessed bells be rung,
And offer " Month's Minds," till the purging fire,
By floods of holy-water shall expire !
But let rich souls alone at rest be laid,
Send them to Heaven, when your fees are paid.
As for the beastly beggars, when they die,
Let them despis'd in purgatory lie ;
Guide not their lifeless bodies to the grave,
Nor waste a mass their sordid souls to save :
No time, no pains, no thought should you bestow,
On those from whom no recompense can flow ;
For where's the wise man that was ever found,
To waste his labour upon barren ground—
To spend his swiftness in a vain pursuit,
Or water gardens that produce no fruit.
If there's a man, who dares to keep aloof,
Who dreads to see a Monk beneath his roof,

Who will not often to confession come,
That mighty mainspring of the Church of Rome?
Send for his servants, and of them inquire
His mode of life, their diet and their hire;
Fish for some secret floating in their mind,
Which, if you should, by searching questions find,
And manage well, may bring him to his knees,
To beg for secrecy, and proffer fees;
But if no chance can throw it in your way,
An accusation to his charge to lay,
Should his pure life defy the voice of fame,
A single crime against him to proclaim:
Then cry out "Heresy," impeach his creed—
Call him "A WOLF," and then you will succeed;
Fear will compel him to abate his pride,
And cast the veil 'twixt him and you aside.
But let no pray'rs, or tears, or length of time,
Avail to gain forgiveness of his crime,
Until, by fees and fasting, render'd pure,
His reconciliation he secure.
When with close care and artifice refin'd,
You have explor'd the secrets of his mind;
When the fair sinner once has told you more,
Than ever human ear has heard before—
When the rich rogue, to consequences blind,
Has told you what he did, and he design'd—
When the pale murderer has told the tale,
Which brings him to the block, if you reveal:
Then Proteus-like, assume what form you please,
For all these victims may be spoil'd at ease;

Fear no refusal of your high demands,
Their character, their life, is in your hands;
Nor lose your spoil, by taking for your fee,
A worthless gratitude, which false must be,
For still, whoever has uncased his mind,
To dread his confidant, must be inclin'd,
Conscious of guilt, he wishes that man dead,
Whose frown can heap confusion on his head.
When writing edicts, dip your pen in gall,
Keep taunting nicknames ready at a call;
And when you'd strike an adversary dead,
Pelt Latin texts of Scripture at his head:
In this we have a precedent of note,
For Lucifer himself could Moses quote.
Guard our old building on Saint Peter's rock,
With energy against each hostile shock;
And if rash men with sacrilegious eye,
Into this edifice should dare to pry,
And point out portions of our crazy wall,
Which ne'er were built by Peter or by Paul,
Thinking it strange, that sinners should defile,
By human fancies, such a fair-built pile:
Blast them as heretics, condemn'd to dwell,
To all eternity in flames of hell.
Nor with less fury than the flames below,
Let Purgatory's profitable blazes glow,
With this great difference, that the purging flame,
By Papal bulls and masses, we may tame.
Tell the wild Irishmen, that when they die,
Their souls must here in horrid anguish lie,
Until surviving friends their pardon buy!

And should some wag in his own rustic way,
To your grave Reverences dare to say—
I see on each of you so mild a face,
Can so much feeling in your features trace,
That I can't think there could be such a place.
Oh ! if ye suffer one poor soul to dwell,
For want of money in this new-found hell,
How can the fear of GOD within ye dwell!
Exclaim—that he with heresy is cramm'd,
And tell the clown, that if he doubts, he's damn'd ;
But, recollect, descanting on the Mass,
To make our Priestly dignity surpass
All competition—for no son of man,
On earth or sea's immeasurable span,
Except ourselves, can of some grains of wheat,
A living mass of human flesh create—
Bow down to, and adore a work so fine,
Then break in pieces, plunge it into wine—
Bruise 'twixt the teeth, the blood, the bones, the skin,
And swallow all a sacrifice for sin !
Thus through the land your pious progress take,
At every step some shining money make ;
Rail at your King's religion, curse the fools,
Who send their children to Hibernian Schools ;
Absolve the Ribbonman, on whom devolves,
The mighty task of punishing the WOLVES,
Who in sheep's clothing have been found so bold,
As to affright the PROPAGANDA fold !

TO THE

PRINTER AND PUBLISHER

OF

The Dublin Evening Post.

SIR,

As the *Evening Post* is so little known in this Loyal Province, it was by mere chance that I saw your Paper of Saturday, the 12th instant, in which you honor me in common with the other Officers of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland, with a degree of abuse which might, perhaps, prove of serious consequence to us, if engaged in Commercial pursuits, and induce us to resort to the law for damages, were it not for the consideration that we should in the truest sense of the word have a man of straw to look to in the event of a conviction.

I should, indeed, consider your observations unworthy of notice, were it not for the opportunity they have afforded to me, of giving you a lesson which may prove salutary to other deluded Protestants; and, at the same time gratify, by a public avowal of our principles and objects, the many thousands of loyal Protestants, to whose good opinion I owe the honorable station which I hold among them.

You profess yourself, Sir, to be a competent judge of talent; a man possessed of nice discernment respecting the degree of loyalty due by Protestants to a Protestant Government; and possessed of so just an idea of the numbers and overwhelming weight of the Orangemen of Ireland, that you appear to be astonished at the discovery that *all* their grand functionaries, as you please to call them, are not men of rank

and talent—the Grand Master—Treasurer—Secretary, &c. Generals or Aldermen, and their Chaplain a Dignitary of the Church.

On these points, Sir, I beg leave to investigate your competency, and first of all the degree of talent which qualifies you to judge of the conduct of other men—"*Medice Cura teipsum*"—is a precept of known accuracy; "*who drives fat Oxen should himself be fat*"—and it is a generally received opinion that a teacher of prudence should exhibit some practical proofs that he understands the science he undertakes to descant upon.

Under this impression, how can we attach much importance to your grave observations on the conduct of a great, wise, and powerful body of Protestants, associated for the known purpose of preserving their own lives and the constitution of the empire in these trying times;—when you—yourself—a Protestant born and educated, grieved to their very hearts your respectable friends, and nearly brought the gray hairs of an aged and venerable grandfather to the grave, by the part you took, and the sufferings you brought upon yourself during a most awful period of our late contest for the liberties of Europe, and the existence of the British Empire; a period, Sir, when these genuine Patriots, who are the objects of your foulest calumny, stood like a wall of fire around the altar and the throne, equally dreaded by the disaffected, and venerated by those who could well appreciate their value in the hour of doubt and danger.

It is fresh in the memory of the Citizens of Dublin, that on the 20th of November, 1813, you were brought to the Bar in his Majesty's Court of King's Bench to receive sentence, for having in this same *Evening Post*, published a malicious libel against the late Duke of Richmond, a Viceroy, justly revered by the loyal men of Ireland, and whose late decease they lament as a public calamity. Nothing being offered in mitigation of punishment, the Attorney-General felt himself obliged to undertake the unpleasant task of stating in aggravation of your guilt, that you had published a seditious, base;

and malignant libel, which, under pretence of defending you, had been pronounced in that very Court, a libel the most false, the most dangerous (*as tending to disaffect a large proportion of his Majesty's subjects,*) that had ever been uttered. "The Libel" (*continued the Attorney-General*) "had spared "no character, however exalted, however arrayed in virtue, "in wisdom, in learning, in integrity; from the Chief Justice "on the Bench down to the private citizen, who, in obedience "to the Summons of the Court, and conformable to his duty, "attended at the trial." (*See the Protestant Advocate Vol.* 1, *page* 153.) On this occasion, Sir, the Attorney-General quoted a case from Lord Hardwick, which would ensure your conviction, if prosecuted for the slanderous libel published in your paper on Saturday last. On the ensuing Monday, you were brought up for Judgment; and after Judge Day had reprobated the Libel you had published, and compared it "to a foul and filthy torrent accumulating in its course till it became too offensive to be permitted to proceed," ordered you to be imprisoned in his Majesty's Gaol of Newgate for two years; to pay a Fine of Five Hundred Pounds to the Crown, and to give security for your good conduct for seven years, yourself in One Thousand Pounds, and two Securities in Five Hundred Pounds each.

Now, Sir, as these seven years are not yet expired, your securities would do well to advise you to be somewhat more circumspect until November next, than you have been on Saturday, the 12th instant, for it may happen that others, whom impunity may encourage you to slander, may not hold you in that degree of contempt which protects you from being prosecuted by any of the Members of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland.

Thus, Sir, was your sentence pronounced in the public papers, and recorded in the Volume of the *Protestant Advocate* already quoted; and on the number of the same publication in February, 1814, we have the following account of an additional disaster, said to have befallen you; "in our last "we recorded the sentence passed on Mr. Magee, the Pro-

" prietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, for a Libel on the Go-
" vernment of the Duke of Richmond; we now have to state
" that Mr. Magee has since been served with legal notices
" from the Stamp Office in Ireland, that Stamps should no
" longer be issued to him. *A Statute* passed during the Re-
" bellion, and never before acted upon, authorized this pro-
" ceeding, and Mr. Magee, has in consequence disposed of
" his property in the *Evening Herald* and *Dublin Evening*
" *Post*. Thus, for the present, we have done with this Pro-
" testant Martyr to the Popish Cause!!"

And now, good Sir, permit me to ask, have you already forgotten how your cruel task-masters used you under these misfortunes; how they rewarded you for the sacrifice of character, property, and liberty, you have made in espousing their miserable cause; if so, pray send for a copy of that admirable production *Anacreon in Dublin*, and behold your features delineated in one of its Copperplate Prints, appearing; " sorrowful and dejected, looking through the iron bars of Newgate, while a Member of the Catholic Board 'ungratefully' walks past the miserable prison, with his hands in his pocket, laughing at your misfortunes, and chuckling at the idea of the miseries he had inflicted on a deluded Protestant, who forsook his friends, and fell into the hands of his enemies."

Whether on your resuming your Editorial Functions, you were esteemed a man of *Hay, Straw, or Stubble*; or how you contrive to procure Stamps for your lucubrations in defiance to the enacted law of the land, which prohibits such accommodation to convicted libellers—I am really ignorant, and the narrow limits you are pleased to assign to the talents of those Grand Functionaries of the Orangemen of Ireland, do not furnish me with the power of elucidating these mysteries. I shall therefore reserve my feeble powers for the purpose of addressing you in another letter, in pursuance to the line marked out for myself, and in the mean time, I remain in a situation to which Primate USHER, Go-

vernor WALKER, or Archbishop KING, would have reckoned it a distinguished honor to be elected.

JOHN GRAHAM,
Chaplain to the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland.

Lifford, 17th Feb. 1820.

TO THE

PRINTER AND PUBLISHER

OF

The Dublin Evening Post.

SIR,

In defence of my own character, and that of the Institution to which I have the honor to belong, I beg leave to address another letter to you in reply to the severe accusations against both in your paper of the 12th instant.

You will readily perceive that this task has been imposed upon me by yourself, for if your allegations in that publication are founded on truth, if the Association which has elicited your animadversions, be really bound together by an unlawful oath, if their allegiance to the illustrious House of Brunswick stands upon a narrower basis than that of the rest of his Majesty's subjects, then may we plead guilty to your accusations and most justly suffer the consequences which your exposure of our names in the columns of your paper was evidently calculated to bring upon us, and upon none, perhaps, with severer injury than the writer of this letter,

allegiance

whose prospects here and hereafter depend upon his character and conduct as a Minister of the Gospel.

As to the approximation of extremes, and your parallel between English Radicals and Irish Loyalists, between Lieutenant-General Archdall and Orator Hunt, I am willing to give you full credit for the originality of such ideas, and to take the paragraph just as you intended it, acknowledging it to be a most excellent joke, and certainly not the less agreeable to us for the sly allusion we perceive in it to those who really did enter into negociations with the Knights of the White Hat last summer, and whose Clerical Plenipotentiaries were recognized passing frequently through Liverpool on their mission, "*partibus infidelium*," though some of them now claim credit for the quintessence of loyalty, because these negociations were broken off, when the prompt energy of the Manchester Magistrates, and the firmness of his Majesty's Ministers had rendered Insurrection hopeless.

With respect to the distinguished character at the head of the associated Protestants of Ireland, called Orangemen, the *Cavan Herald* has already observed, that so far from being a Mute in the British Legislative Assembly, as you have thought proper to represent him, the Gallant General has not long since received from his Constituents a public approval of his conduct for the conspicuous part which he took in the Senate, on a late question of vital importance to the welfare and stability of the Empire. Your readers will, I believe, readily recollect also, that General Archdall was not altogether dumb, when he attended a late Meeting in the loyal town of *Enniskillen*, with a phalanx of independent Protestants, and petitioned the Imperial Parliament against any further experimental concessions to a description of claimants for political power, whose gratitude seems to be inversely proportioned to the favours they receive, and whose appetite appears to grow from what it feeds on.

You have correctly observed, Sir, that our Deputy Grand Master is too well known and too well appreeiated for *you* to say a word in explanation of his character. Far, indeed, does Alderman King stand above the need of a character

GOD'S REVENGE

AGAINST REBELLION:

AN

Historical Poem

ON THE

STATE OF IRELAND,

WITH NOTES AND AN APPENDIX,

CONSISTING OF A

PASTORAL EPISTLE FROM ROME,

AND TWO LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN EVENING POST.

BY THE

REV. JOHN GRAHAM, M. A.

——————————————— Quis auctor?
Quidve petuut? Que religio? Aut quæ machina belli?
Ausi omnes immane nefas,
Non, mihi si linguæ ceutum sint, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox, omnes SCELERUM comprendere formas,
Omnia, PŒNARUM percurrere nomina, possim. VIRGIL.

DUBLIN:

Printed by L. Tute, No. 44, Great Strand-Street;
Sold by Mrs. Watson. No. 7, Capel-Street; Mr. Dugdale, Dame-Street;
Mr. Timms, 85, Grafton-Street; and Mr. Bonsall, 29, Dawson-Street.

1820,

PREFATORY NOTE.

The following Poem and Notes were originally addressed to the "PROTESTANT," but being too large for his Work, he recommended their seperate publication, being persuaded, as he states in his Preface to the Glasgow Edition, that the information contained in both, particularly in the Notes, would be found interesting on that side of the Channel.

For a Review of this Poem, see *The Edinburgh Christian Herald*, for 1820.

ERRATA.

Page 11...For "began to shew," read "began anew."
Page 45...For "Apostolic Council," read "Apostolic Church."
Page 74...For "allegations to the illustrious House of Brunswick," read "allegiance to the illustrious House of Brunswick."

AN

HISTORICAL POEM.

NEAR where the Boyne runs babbling through the dale,
Where Spring in all her glory decks the vale—
Where tuneful birds, inspired with joy and love,
Raise to the skies the music of the grove.
See where the pardon'd rebel's cottage stands,
To shame the beauty of the neighbouring lands;
Thro' all the roof, with soot and ashes foul,
The melancholy blasts of winter howl.
Together on the earth in this damp stye,
His dog, his wife, his swine, and children, lie.
An unfenc'd garden, emblem of his sloth,
Exhibits weeds of wild luxuriant growth;
Vile are the marks on this abode of sin:
Dunghills all round, and horrid filth within.
The wretched owner once was young and gay,
And no mean talent marked his early day;
Tall in his stature, chearful in his air,
Smooth were his manners, and his visage fair;
But SUPERSTITION, foe to human kind,
Had laid strong hold upon his youthful mind;
Taught him to tremble at a Bigot's word,
And kept him from the Scriptures of the Lord.

At six years old, to mass the boy was brought,
And there, alas ! and at confessions taught,
That empty forms alone would make him wise,
And pure and perfect in his Maker's eyes ;
That man himself, by merit all his own,
Could for his sins sufficiently atone;
Whilst many mediators ready stood,
To make his peace with an offended GOD !
Thus taught, the peasant into manhood rose,
Deeming his British neighbours deadly foes :
Because from early dawn of infant youth,
They learned a creed of unpolluted truth—
A creed from Heaven for man's direction sent,
Full fifteen ages ere we heard of Trent.
Teaching frail man to trust in CHRIST alone,
For GRACE and PARDON at GOD's holy throne.
As years passed on, and civil broils began,
To plague the land, this ill-instructed man,
Buoyed up by hopes of opulence and fame,
A ready dupe to demagogues became :
And thought, alas ! 'twas heaven's holy will,
That he should wield a pike on Tara Hill ;
Holding it right, and Christian-like and good,
To curse his King, and shed his brother's blood !
Hard was the contest on that fearful day—
Frequent the blows, and deadly was the fray
Till all at once the rebel force gave way.
The slaughter that ensued, and checked the flight,
Was ended only by the shades of night :
Wounded and bleeding, to his dismal home,
See the Louth rebel, weak and heartless come :

Behold his hapless children and his wife,
Bind up his wounds, and tremble for his life;
And down their cheeks, as tears in torrents burst,
They reach the cup to cool his burning thirst.
But rest, and sovereign sleep, and kindly care,
The wretched sufferer through his sorrows bear,
Whilst the brave victors, as the contest's o'er,
His pardon grant, and trouble him no more;
The boon he scorns, with feelings scarce represt—
The deadly reed still rankles in his breast;
His wounded pride but kindles hotter hate,
Against that worth he cannot imitate.
Now midnight meetings occupy his time,
In plotting to reiterate his crime:
Ill to return for undeserved good,
And drench the country once again with blood.
Meanwhile, external warfare grieves the land,
And France, beneath the Corsican's command,
Against all Europe wields a hostile hand.
Day after day, as conquest crowns the foe,
The disaffected, more audacious grow.
Loud in the base Usurper's nauseous praise,
The Dublin Demagogues their voices raise:
Foreboding certain ruin to the state,
They hail with savage joy the Church's fate:
"Clear," says Dromgoole, "as yon bright azure sky,
The marks of rapid ruin I descry,
On England's church, that monstrous novelty.
Soon shall her lazy watchmen see her fall,
Despised, forsaken, and abhorr'd of all;
Leaving no traces of her sway behind,
Except the woes she brought upon mankind."

So spoke the furious bigot, and the throng,
Had found a poet, whose licentious song,
Taught them, like madmen in their cups to rave,
In midnight orgies over freedom's grave ;
To deem their liberties and honour gone,
Because three kingdoms form'd by fate for one,
By foes without, and fiends within oppress'd,
Had into one strong EMPIRE coalesced.
So raged the populace through Erin wide,
And the Louth peasant floated with the tide.
In rural taverns after Sunday's Mass,
All junior orators he could surpass,
In stating Ireland's unrequited wrongs,
Or chanting Moore's Anacreontic songs:
How fair Hibernia, to herself once true,
Flourished in splendour under king Boru ;
That patriotic sovereign, whose dart
Pierc'd, at Clontarf, the proud Invader's heart—
O'Rourke, of Brefny, too, supplied a theme,
To raise up modern candidates for fame;
Fair sunny visions floated in his brain,
When Britain's arms were conquering for Spain:
Shamrocks and olives danc'd before his sight,
And fed his fancy many a gloomy night ;
But, ah ! how plaintive did his accents fall,
Whene'er he sung the harp of Tara's hall ;
How freedom flourish'd there for half a day,
Then flitted like a morning dream away.
With grief and rage each bigot's bosom swells,
As he the tale of his disaster tells ;
And proves how Irish freedom wakes and lives,
In every sob and every groan he gives.

Thus, once he sung, attending a debate,
Near Wildgoose Lodge, upon the Lynches' fate;
The song prevailed, and with united breath,
The luckless Lynches were condemn'd to death.
Then spoke with features horrible and dark,
Divan, the noted Stonestown chapel clerk—
As from his panting breast in rage he drew,
A burnish'd rapier of a purple hue:
Friends, brothers, fellow-Catholics, to arms,
'Tis ours to keep the tyrant in alarms,
To make his minions rest their troubled heads,
In constant terror upon thorny beds;
And when they sleep, to tremble in their dreams,
At bloody blankets, and their homes in flames.
And if the Saxon foe must bear our hate,
Vengeance shall fall from us with double weight,
On miscreant Catholics, who mar our cause,
By base appeals to cursed English laws;
Sure as the bullet from the musquet flies,
The wretch who prosecutes our brother, dies.
He spoke, they rose, and instantly decreed,
That night, that hour, to vengeance to proceed.
High on a mount, upraised on marshy lands,
The solitary lodge of Wildgoose stands,
Near Tara-Hill, and has obtain'd its name,
As a bleak wintry haunt of feather'd game.
There Lynch and Rooney dwelt in peace retir'd,
No wild ambition had their bosoms fir'd,
No penal statute fetter'd their free will,
Pray where they would, they throve and voted still,
And their kind neighbour of the British creed,
Was not more fully from restriction freed.

Thankful for blessings, which they highly prized,
The ribbon rioters they had despised;
Firm in refusal they had ever stood,
To join the sanguinary brotherhood:
For this they once had suffer'd an attack,
But bravely fought, and drove the burglars back;
Repuls'd them from the lodge, and seizing three,
Brought them to justice, and the fatal tree!
But now, alas! the hour of vengeance comes,
To seek it, forty horsemen leave their homes,
At midnight hour, and silent as the dead,
Surround the house, with Divan at their head;
Good Heavens! what spectacle was here display'd,
Full FORTY MURDERERS in arms array'd!
To front and rear, approach the savage bands,
Gall in their hearts, and torches in their hands,
The Tara rebel hastes his arm to raise,
And sets the roof and windows in a blaze—
The roof soon kindles, and in scorching pain,
The hapless inmates supplicate in vain.
The brutes refuse the sad request for life,
Lynch dies with Rooney and his child and wife;
Four servants share their fate, and in the fire,
Eight offerings to ANTICHRIST expire!
Say ye who travel where East Indians feel,
The mortal crush of Juggernaut's old wheel—
Where beastly Hottentots, with tygers dwell,
Have Pagans parallel'd this deed of hell;
Yet, next day, Divan rung the mass-house bell!
Dragg'd from the altar where the bigot clung,
Tried and condemn'd, on Reaghstown-hill he hung.

The Louth man 'scaped again, and bless'd his stars,
For his achievements in these holy wars ;
But to wipe off the stains of blood resolv'd,
Confess'd, did penances, and was absolv'd.
Six others within view of his abode,
Bleach'd on a gibbet near the public road.
Meanwhile just heaven, in anger to our Isle,
Where health and plenty ever used to smile,
Called forth the clouds of vengeance from the deep—
Bade wintry floods o'er hill and valley sweep,
And in destructive damps the country steep,
For eight long months, the Farmer saw with pain,
His hopes extinguished by the chilling rain ;
His crops destroy'd, and to the pits wash'd back,
His winter's fuel perish in the wreck.
But who that winter's varied woes can tell ?
Sad is the task on such a theme to dwell.
Mute sat the sorrowing weaver in his loom—
Cold was his hearth, repulsive as a tomb—
Hush'd was the Spinner's voice, which many a night,
Had round the homely hearth diffused delight ;
And pale and sullen seem'd the angry Sun,
To sink in ocean when the day was done.
The peasant shiv'ring in his cheerless shed,
For vital warmth betook him to his bed ;
Ev'n there, by matchless misery pursued,
The wintry damps his weakly limbs bedew'd ;
And, charg'd with vapours, the nocturnal breeze
Diffus'd around the seeds of dire disease.

As spring advanc'd, severe in frost and snow,
FAMINE succeeded to the winter's woe;
Thousands, impell'd by hunger, hurried down
From mountain tracts, to every market town;
Their faces gathering blackness as they went—
Their limbs all tottering, and their bodies bent,
Say, ye survivors—in that hour of need,
How 'mongst your countrymen did ye succeed?
Were they deserving of a name so bad,
As that of WOLVES in sheep's fair clothing clad?
Did you not find their hearts, to pity true,
Open and melting as the morning dew?
Did they not hearken to your doleful tale,
And often share with you their only meal?
Forgiving and forgetting all that past,
Did they not take ye to their homes at last.
Cover'd with rags and filth, and while your breath
Scatter'd among them pestilence and death?
Then raged the typhus fever, far and wide,
Thro' all the land the voice of anguish cried;
Full many a RACHEL wept for comforts fled,
Her children dying, or her husband dead—
Doubtful which side the path of duty lay,
To fly for aid or at the sick-bed stay;
If she remain, for want they must expire—
Or, if she goes, run raving to the fire.
In this extremity let Europe know,
What good to man from British feelings flow;
How heav'n-born Charity sublimely shines
In each true Briton's counsels and designs;
Whether the blood that circles through his
veins,

Has flow'd for ages on Hibernian plains ;
On Waterloo's proud field the foe defied,
Or swell'd for Spain the Lusitanian tide.
Soon as this fresh calamity was known
To the wise Viceroy on the Irish throne,
Though sums past reck'ning had been lately spent,
The sad results of famine to prevent,
Yet still, the present evil to subdue,
His generous efforts he began ~~to shew~~, anew
And scatter'd money with a liberal hand,
Supporting hospitals throughout the land ;
Large contributions in each town were made,
Where wealth had grown from industry and trade.
The Merchant gave his wine, his rice, his bread—
The Rector sent his blanket from his bed—
Watch'd o'er the hospitals with ceaseless care,
And of the cost oft bore a double share.
In offering aid the peer and prelate vied,
To help the helpless was the general pride ;
All ranks, all orders, join'd their hands, to save
The son of sorrow from a timeless grave.
At last, at Heav'n's omnipotent command,
Th' avenging angel stopp'd his ruthless hand,
While bad men trembled, and while good men pray'd,
The boon was granted, and the plague was stay'd ;
A crop, luxuriant, the blessing crown'd,
And health and plenty once more bloom'd around
Our pride was humbled, and our purse was low,
But pure our gratitude appear'd to flow ;

For this deliv'rance from evils sent
To teach the worth of prudence and content,
And to the untaught Irish peasant prove
How Christian faith exhibits Christian love,
Can tow'rds an enemy with pity glow,
And joy to succour an afflicted foe.
From humbler cares and occupations freed.
The friends of peace in Erin's Isle proceed
To scatter, with a mild and steady hand,
The seeds of social order in the land,
Fair Education bring to each man's door,
And send the Glorious Gospel to the poor.
Schools in all parts they prudently provide,
On cultur'd plain or heathy mountain side,
No pains, no cost, the generous donors spare,
To educate the peasant's child with care;
A truly kind and charitable plan,
To teach the love of GOD and love of man,
From those bright pages of eternal truth,
Which TIMOTHY perus'd in early youth.
With PAUL's applause, which wise BEREANS read
For which their praise o'er Christendom has spread.
Say now, ye wise, is it from Heaven or Hell,
A voice is come, poor Irishmen to tell,
Of all such Schools and Bibles to beware,
And look upon them as a fatal snare,
To draw them into heresy and strife,
And blast their hopes of everlasting life?
Yet thus FONTANA fulminates from Rome,
And KELLY ventures to denounce at home.
Well may we dread fresh judgments on our land,

When men are thus permitted to command
God's word to disappear with shameless face
And the kind followers of Christ disgrace
With epithets exciting fell dislike,
Marking them victims to a ruffian's pike ;
For readily the Ribbonman resolves
To maltreat those his Clergymen call "WOLVES."
So Tuam's Archdiocese this day appears,
Where savage ignorance her hand uprears,
Impales her victim on a novel rack,
Or cards the bleeding muscles from his back.
But hear, Oh, Heav'n ! since human aid is vain,
Rome's leaden sceptre in our isle restrain ;
Teach our misguided peasantry to know
The difference between a friend and foe,
Between the donor of the Book of Life,
And the proud Priest of ignorance and strife.

NOTES.

"*To shame the beauty of the neighbouring lands,*"

Travellers in Ireland, particularly those who, like Wakefield and Curwen, traverse the country in search of arguments, to support refuted opinions, are apt to charge upon the government and landed proprietors, all the misery they witness in the wretched abodes of our peasantry of the Romish persuasion; they require, however, to be reminded, that much of this evident wretchedness may be traced to the operation of a system of superstition, generated in the dark ages, when the people were in a state of voluntary slavery to the lords of the soil, and the rulers of a corrupted church, whose interest, education, and habits, induced them to keep their vassals ignorant of those principles of civil and religious liberty, which alone can unfetter the soul, and free it from the shackles of undue influence. In this state, the human mind becomes alternately agitated by groundless fears and visionary hopes, till it soon settles in disgust, apathy, and indolent despondency. To keep mankind in abject subjection to them, the heathen Priests invented their system of absurd mythology; and the Priests of the Church of Rome have since improved upon these, as well as many other of their predecessor's fictions, and turned them to a more profitable use, than the ornamenting of Epic poetry. The Heathen Dryads and Nymphs were changed into FAIRIES, good and evil Genii into black and white witches, and SAINTS supply the place of demi-gods. By this ingenious contrivance,

have they often recruited their finances—having a constant influx of money for their charms, exorcisms, beads, relics, holy water, or masses. There was scarcely a church-yard, or old or empty house, which was not, about half a century ago, peopled with spectres, nor was any man murdered, or gone out of the world, forgetting something of importance, who did not re-appear, to tell his own story; nor could he be persuaded to relinquish his terrible outrages, till "*the Priest*," had laid him, (as the expression was) in the Red Sea, or settled him in a haw-thorn tree, till the day of judgment. Ireland was particularly infested by these airy visitants, generally departed heretics, who, from the frailty of imposture, the Romish clergy frequently represented as being thus troubled, and at their mercy, although the whole tenor of their public and private admonitions was, that these unhappy souls, dying out of the pale of the only church, in which salvation was to be had and purchased, were condemned, on their departure from the body, to endless torments. We may be sure, that so profitable a trade was duly cherished and cultivated by constant juggles and impostures, and that all advantages were taken of surprising and unusual phenomena in nature. By the help of glasses, unusual voices and noises, phosphorus, magic lantherns, feats of legerdemain, collusion and confederacy, these prejudices were artfully kept up; and weak and bigotted people were made to believe, and sometimes to see, and afterwards to publish to others, their visions, or whatever else deceivers had occasion to invent for them; and, so great was the power of these Ecclesiastics, who condescended to use but one argument in support of all their impostures—"*If you dorbt your damned*," that the few intelligent men who saw and detested their impieties, durst not contend with the prejudices of the people abetted by the wonderous power of the Popish Priests. These impostures are, however, every day becoming less frequent, as knowledge and true Christianity spread through the Island; and, therefore, schools and bibles are objects of most serious alarm to the Popish Clergy, who may expect that a few years will expose all their scandalous practices to a long abused and much injured people, who, they may be assured, will shortly

look upon human atonements, transubstantiation, purgatory, and all the other impostures of Popery, precisely as the more intelligent of them at the present day, view the antiquated terror of apparitions;

" *As for Ghosts now—the Priests may safely tell*
" *They walk at night, where Ethiopians dwell,*
" *Are by the Monks in grim procession led,*
" *Where Nile, in sandy deserts hides his head ;*
" *Are freed for fees, from purgatorial pain,*
" *By Spanish Priests, beyond the Western Main.*
" *Their marvellous assertions may prevail,*
" *Where no man comes to contradict the tale.*"

The causes of the necessary decay of all countries, in which Popery prevails, are admirably detailed in Mr. Trenchard's Cato, No. 144, published in London, on the 2d of February, 1722, some extracts from which may with propriety, be inserted in this place, as the book is out of print and scarce, though it passed through two Editions.

" The old Dame of Babylon is now old and withered, and would have been long since fallen to pieces, if she had not been patched with searcloths, and kept alive by cordials administered by the mistaken charity of those who were, or ought to have been her enemies ; and as soon as they leave off their complaisance, give her no more physic, nor keep the trumpery in countenance, HER END WILL BE CERTAIN ; and this I shall attempt to prove from natural causes, leaving the supernatural ones to those who understand them better.

" In Popish countries, there are multitudes of persons, male and female, hindered from marriage, and consequently from procreation, unless by stealth and spurious births, which rarely produce living children—(See an account in the Irish Newspapers, of a young Lady of rank, fortune, and accomplishments, taking the white veil, at the religious institute of our blessed Lady, in Galway, on the 2d instant. This convent is stated to have been instituted so late as the year 1815, by a lady of rank and fortune in Cork. Thus are these horrible institutions permitted to be re-established in this Christian Island, under a Protestant government,) and all, or most of these people, subsist upon the plunder of the people, without contributing

any thing to the public wealth, either by their labours or otherwise; on the contrary, they have no other business, but to fascinate and turn the brains of weak and enthusiastic people, to make them loiter after masses—frequenting, what they call holy wells and sacred stones; and, on the strength of purchasing pardon by idle penances at such places, thinking themselves warranted in living a most infamous life, filling their heads with senseless speculations and wild chimeras, which make them either useless, or (*as at present in the Archdiocese of Tuam*) dangerous to the Government under which they live, the ready tools and instruments of turbulent and seditious pedants, who faintly rebuke their excesses with one breath, and violently stimulate them to the most impious crimes with the next."

In Popish countries, and in Ireland particularly, one-third part of the year is lost in the worship of dead men and dead women, by the observance of what are most improperly denominated holy days, in which the people dare not work to support their families; a glaring instance of the improper use made by the popish priests of their power of enforcing the observance of these obsolete holy days. A most happy instance of the operation of common sense among the laity occurred lately in the county of Mayo, on St. Peter and Paul's day, 1819: Fifty poor men were employed at the erecting of a gaol, or an addition to the prison at Castlebar, at a time when labour was scarce, and the families of most of them in extreme indigence; the priests of the Popish church came to them, and commanded them, on pain of excommunication, to desist from prophaning the holy day, but the feelings of human nature and true Christianity being brought to a fair test with the influence of superstition, the latter failed of its effects for that time, and the poor labourers remained at their work, dismissing their clergy, to riot on the luxuries of their holy day dinner.

In like manner, these Ecclesiastics, driven by excess of pride and ambition to expose their weak side, and teach the people their impotence, which an enlightened state of society

must ultimately bring upon them, commanded the publisher of a Popish paper to desist from writing on holy days; the publisher slyly remonstrated, by alledging, that if they should obey the dictates of the holy Fathers in this instance, "*the Catholic cause*" would be lost, as their adversaries could not be persuaded to desist from their impious assaults on the numerous holy days. In Sir William Petty's time, the papists observed 183 holy days, which, but for their habitual violation of the sabbath, by common manual labour, would have left but 130 working days in the year; the natural consequence of this was universal poverty, which rendered them, of all other people, remarkable for that indolence, and those filthy habits, which have been uniformly characteristic of the Irish bigot. The unfortunate peasantry, who are thus deluded, must moreover contribute, out of the little which remains, to pay their unfeeling oppressors for practising these frauds upon them, and by consequence, the public loses all that the people would earn on those days so lost.

In Popish countries, and even in Ireland, (an integral part of a protestant empire) the power or influence of the Ecclesiastics is so great, that the civil authority is, in many instances, unable to restrain them; and the government does not possess that power, which of right, acknowledged by our Lord himself, belongs to the civil authorities, to preserve the allegiance of the people from being at the mercy of those who may alienate their affections from their temporal prince, under pretence of its interference with their duty to God. The power of the Roman clergy of hearing all state and family secrets, granting absolutions for perjury, murder, rebellion, &c. and of raising money by public contributions, in a manner which neither of the three estates of the British constitution could venture to do, has so raised the pride and ambition of those Ecclesiastics, that unless they shall be very shortly taught that they ought to be grateful for toleration, they will proceed in their present career, until they overthrow the government, or are utterly ruined themselves: which last, thank Heaven, appears most likely to occur.

An instance of their enormous power of raising money in

Ireland, and their formidable abuse of it, has been thus given in the LXX. No. of "THE PROTESTANT:" a most ingenious and original exposure of the horrible errors and corruptions of Popery, now publishing in Glasgow and Dublin, by a very worthy Scottish Gentleman, who honours the Author of this Poem with his valuable correspondence and friendship——

"Protestants have no idea of the immense sums of money which are levied upon Papists by their ghostly instructors; the Clyde-street chapel in Glasgow, (*which, with a princely house attached to it, cost nearly twenty thousand pounds, almost all extorted from the poor,*) is indeed a standing monument and proof, that the Priest has access to the purse of the people in a manner almost incomprehensible by Protestants.—The following will shew in what manner money is raised among the poor in Ireland: I copy the document from the SUN Newspaper, of February 2, 1819:

CIRCULAR, SUGGESTED FOR PAROCHIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS,

To appoint a person to each Parish to make individual applications to each householder. This person shall take with him, to each village or farm, a list of the householders; and shall apply to each of them, whether he was willing to contribute TEN PENCE, or any higher sum, toward defraying the expences of the Catholic petitions. Each person paying, should be marked down as paid, and the sum inserted in the margin. Each person *refusing*, should have the word *refused to contribute ten-pence*, added to his name; and a second application should be made to those who refuse, *with an intimation that the list would be read in the chapel the ensuing Sunday.* The list should be read at the chapel as soon as it was ascertained that no more could be collected. The more wealthy persons, will of course, contribute more than ten-pence; but no sum should be received from any person, save what he can afford to give with the most perfect convenience."

"Sir, I am directed by the Committee of Accounts, to send you the above plan, and to request your attention to it. It will not be easy to carry this plan into effect without the countenance of the Catholic clergy; but it is presumed, from their

constant attention to the interests of their countrymen, that they will give the plan the support of their advice. It is also expected that you will transmit to the Board, an account of the parishes, in the county in which you reside, in which this plan shall be carried into effect. You cannot do a greater service to the Catholic cause, than by exerting yourself on this occasion, as the funds of the Board are quite exhausted; and it will be impossible to transmit our petitions to parliament, unless subscriptions are collected. The mode of carrying this plan into effect, is of course, left with you; but it is hoped you will not refuse to give your zealous and active assistance. I have the honour to be, your very obedient humble servant," &c.

On the above Circular, the Sun writes——Here is an engine, Sir, strong enough to lift the Protestant establishment off its centre, and at work nearly these five years, unchecked and unnoticed! but I will forbear all comment, until I startle your readers with a little gentle instruction about the sum which the "*Circular*" motion of this steam engine was calculated to raise.

The Popish Board, under whose authority the above curious document was issued, reckons, by its accredited "*statement*," the enumeration of the "emphatic" people of Ireland, the papists, at *four millions two hundred thousand;* reckoning then the subscribing patriots at *two-thirds*, their TEN-PENNIES would produce *one hundred and seventeen thousand six hundred and sixty pounds.* I will, however, be candid enough not to take them up on their own deliberate exaggeration, but on a truer and more moderate standard. I will count them only two-thirds of their vaunted number, and of course at two-thirds only of the above contribution; still, there will remain a subscription for the use of the Board of *seventy-seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-six pounds*, without calculating *the more wealthy persons*, who, of course, contribute more than ten-pence, *many of whom, like Major Bryan, and others, are able and willing to expend very large sums in this way.* Supposing this, as we well may, a monthly contribution, it has produced the annual sum of *nine hundred and*

thirty-three thousand three hundred and twelve pounds, which, for the last four years, from 1814, (*it would not be fair to include the ways and means of* 1819, *as already raised*) makes an aggregate of THREE MILLIONS SEVEN HUNDRED POUNDS, collected from the papists of Ireland, by her controlling and managing Board. "*Talk of the King's taxes after this ! !*"

I think this writer must be mistaken in supposing the above ten-pennies to be collected monthly, (*and ten shillings a year from every adult Papist might probably thus be extorted,*) I see no evidence of this in the Circular itself; and I should rather suppose them collected only annually, according to the annual occasion of petitioning, *(if not required for the purchase of arms, in a country where the Ribbonmen are continually taking all kinds of weapons, and hoarding them up for a future day, and where an abundance of gunpowder is to be had for twenty pence a pound, and musquet-balls at the rate of twelve for four-pence.)* This reduces the sum to a twelfth part of what is above stated, and yet it is sufficiently enormous to justify the following remarks by the same writer :

"Now, Sir, what occasion, what *honest and lawful occasion*, had the Board for such a sum? I acquit its members of pocketing this money among themselves; but, after accounting for all their public expences, their agents' bills for prosecutions, their counsellors' fees, the fines of their convicted libellers, the salaries of their seditious newspapers, the secret service money of their THRESHERS, and CARDERS, and RIBBONMEN, the annuities of their suffering patriots, &c. &c. a tolerable sum will remain, of which, unless expended in the purchase of boroughs, I call upon the Board and its Collectors to state the application. *Silence will convict them.*

"If you knew, Mr. Editor, the delusions practised upon the poor ignorant Papists of Ireland, the irritations with which they are perpetually favored, and the more than despotic authority with which their Priests trample upon both body and soul, you would readily believe the facility of levying even the enormous sum which I have stated. The means, too, of compelling the refractory, are more "emphatic" than even tax-gatherer or tithe-proctor can adopt.—To read the

name of the recusant in the public chapel, was an especial way of enforcing contributions. Protestants, look to yourselves—Popery is awake, ye are asleep; Popery is busy, ye are idle; Popery is ever doing something, ye are doing nothing, save and except disbelieving, and treating as intolerant bigots, those who would warn ye of your awful danger."

"One cannot," says the learned Protestant of Glasgow, "but perceive a little of the Jesuit in the plan above recommended for raising subscriptions: it is ordered, that no sum shall be received from any person, save what he can afford to give with the utmost convenience. Now, this serves as a ready, and will be considered by many as a sufficient, reply, to any person, who shall accuse the Board of oppression and extortion. But then, every person, *without exception*, who refuses to pay ten-pence, is to have the fact written opposite his name; and his name, and his refusing to pay ten-pence, for the sake of CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION, are to be publicly announced in the CHAPEL. This is hanging a sword over the head of the very poorest; and though he should not have a potatoe to his supper, WOE be to the man who does not pay ten-pence." See THE PROTESTANT *for Saturday, November 27th*, 1819, *printed by A. and I. Duncan, Glasgow.*

The Editor of the SUN, and the Author of THE PROTESTANT, have not, however, been informed, that many members of the United Churches of England and Ireland, and of the Church of Scotland, were indirectly obliged to contribute very largely to this Ten-penny Levy: eight shillings each was the usual contribution from them; and many of them sent it to the Popish altar, with pretty much the same feelings as *Mœris* drove his kids to his enemy, praying in their hearts, "*quod nec bene vertat.*" They sent it, because, as the venders of linen or woollen cloth, bread, groceries, gun-powder, or whiskey, they did not think it prudent to disoblige the "emphatic people," even although these people were bound by an oath, not to buy any thing from heretics, which they could procure on equal terms from "a Catholic." It was, however, in the year 1814, of vital importance to the poor Protestant dealers in Ireland to be on good terms with the

ruling powers of the night, as their occupations obliged them to be out late and early, going to markets, or returning from them.

"Infinite evils," says Mr. Trenchard, "are produced by the Popish Religion, which destroys industry; overturns or prostrates law and justice, the very cements of society; discourages trade and industry; drives away merchants, or deters them from settling where it prevails; enervates states, and renders the race of mankind feeble, lazy, and miserable. Popery turned the Campania of Rome, and all the populous and fertile provinces of Italy, into morasses and deserts; and it would have long since been extinguished in its own corruptions, had the Protestant States of Europe been true to the principles upon which they had been reformed, and suffered this monstrous Babel to destroy itself."

"*Clear,*" *says Dromgoole,* "*as yon bright azure sky, &c.*"

This celebrated speech, which has been called, "*the letting the cat out of the bag,*" was delivered at the Catholic Board, on Wednesday, the 8th of December, 1813. It contains the known sentiments of the whole of the Doctor's party, and has happily operated in alarming many, who had previously aimed at popularity as "Emancipators." In this speech, (page 7.) the Doctor announces, that it was the object of Mr. Grattan, and many worthy and conscientious men of the Protestant persuasion, to put the Church of Rome, as to its government and appointments, upon the same footing in Ireland, as the Church already establised in it by law.—He calls the present oath of allegiance sufficiently galling and insulting, and protests against any other being proposed to Roman Catholics. With respect to *proselytism*, the Doctor says, it is not to be supposed that a Clergyman of any persuasion, who conceives the truth to be with him, could be expected to swear against it; and in this he speaks truth:—and therefore Doctor Kelly might expect to have some such complaint to make of those conscientious persons, who put the Bible into the hands of Popish youths; for the very giving of that Holy Book, even of the corrupted version of Doway

and Rheims, is in itself an act of proselytism from the fatal errors of Popery, all of which may be refuted by any translation of the scriptures that ever has been printed ; the teaching of the second Commandment, which is omitted in the catechism, though retained in some of their translations of the Bible, might be deemed an act of proselytism, as might the keeping of school or popish holidays, and refusing to consume one-fourth of the year in idleness. The established Church will stand, said this orator—it will survive the storms with which it is assailed, if it be built upon a ROCK ; but if its foundation be on sand, no human power can support it : in vain shall Statesmen put their heads together—in vain shall parliaments, in mockery of Omnipotence, declare, that it is permanent and inviolate—in vain shall the lazy churchman cry from the sanctuary, to the watchman on the tower, that danger is at hand ; it shall fall, for it is human, and nothing but the memory of the mischiefs it has created shall survive ! ! This was the language of a petitioner for arming the adversaries of the established Church with political power; and it is a rare mixture of insolence and falsehood, which may be thus answered in the Doctor's own style. It is the Church of Rome, of which the orator has thus incautiously spoken and prophesied ; if that corrupted and idolatrous mockery of Christianity had been founded on a ROCK, it would not have fallen into the state of degradation and infamy in which it now exists—the scorn of the infidel, and the source of the deepest commiseration of all true Christians ; rotten in its foundation, built upon hay, straw, sand, and stubble, no human power can support it. In vain shall avaricious and ignorant ecclesiastics put their heads together to protect its mummeries from ridicule and contempt, like the belief in ghosts and necromancy, its early progeny, shall it sink into oblivion, or exist only as the machinery of poetical romances. In vain shall exterminating associations, in mockery of Omnipotence, declare Popery to be permanent and inviolate, and endeavour to re-establish it in blood. In vain shall Kelly and Fontana cry from their sanctuaries of crime, that their church is in danger, that their system of imposture has been assailed by prosely-

tism. In vain shall they denounce the Bible, and endeavour to put the light of the Gospel under a bushel: the whole system is tottering, and these men are aware of the circumstance. There is not an educated gentleman in Ireland, who nominally belongs to the Popish Church, who is not evidently ashamed of its impious mockeries of Christianity, and is retained in the external profession only, by a false sense of shame, to renounce a creed, which he has been taught from his infancy, as one that he ought to consider as hereditary as his surname, or his property. As to the religion of the great body of Papists——in Connaught, for instance, where that superstition universally prevails, if we are to judge of their faith by their works, what is it?—Is it Christianity or Paganism? Dr. Kelly may justly or unjustly compliment the papists of his Archdiocese, on the decline of drunkenness, sabbath-breaking, and perjury among them; but what says he to the dreadful state in which that part of Ireland is at this day acknowledged, even by himself, to be in—what must he think of the perjuries, the drunkenness, the cruelties, the murders, of that bigoted association of midnight crusaders, who call themselves Ribbonmen? Are these nocturnal apostles likely to re-establish popery in Ireland? No; they may, if permitted, drench it in the blood of its best and most industrious inhabitants; the *columns of Catholicity* may again collect, "*unfurl their oriflamb*," but these miserable expedients will fail; the bigots must succumb to the Christian millions of the British empire, and Popery, after having afforded melancholy evidence of the impossibility of its being tolerated in any civilized state, will be consigned to merited oblivion, and leave only the melancholy records of the miseries it has produced to mankind.

Had found a Poet, whose licentious song, &c.

This poet, who has made but a miserable use of his fine talents, thus apologizes, in the preface to the first Number of the second Volume of Irish Melodies, for the inflammatory tendency of many of his songs, on his having been attacked

by a writer under the signature of Timdus, in the Morning Post, and other papers :—" It is not through the gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate ; it looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is to be found on the persons of the rich and the educated ; of those, who can afford to have their national (he intended to say, provincial) zeal a little stimulated without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them, &c. &c." The most exceptionable of these productions, have, however, become popular with the gross and inflammable region of society ; and inflammable, if not gross spirits, may be found among the higher as well as lower orders, in all countries, but more particularly in Ireland : Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Doctor Esmonde, Mr. Emmett, &c. &c. were men who had of course access to drawing rooms ; and the reader may judge, from the following specimens, of the folly of those, who, seduced indeed, by most fascinating poetry and music, suffer the minds of their children to be corrupted by the principles and feelings they are calculated to produce.

WAR SONG.

Remember the glories of Brian the Brave, &c. &c.
Enough of his glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.
Mononia——when nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print,
The footsteps of slavery there ;
No, Freedom,—whose smile we shall never resign,
Go tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter *to bleed for an age at thy shrine*,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains, &c. &c.

The application of this song is obvious :—It is a practice with the vulgar Irish to rail bitterly at the Danes, for having invaded their ancestors, meaning, in their own indirect way, the English, and cherishing the hope, that as the former were extirpated, so shall the latter.

See Irish Melodies, No. I. page 16.

One of the favourite devices of the disaffected populace is, Bryan Boru in the act of repelling the Danish invaders, and this, as well as Saint Patrick's driving away venemous reptiles, has an allusion not to be mistaken.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, &c.

This is said to be a requiem for the cool-blooded traitor, Emmett, who was most deservedly hanged for the barbarous insurrection of July, 1803. *Ibid. page* 27.

The night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure, the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

The memory of this Barabbas is to live green in the souls of the Irish; not one word about the great and good Lord Kilwarden, who fell a victim to the murderous insurrection, and, with his dying breath, conjured his surviving friends to suffer no man to suffer for him, except by a verdict of a jury. Here the most patriotic heroism is thrown in the shade of oblivion, while the memory of a detestable incendiary is cherished with a degree of fondness, characterising Irish bigots only, who lift their hands against their kindest benefactors, and idolize those who seduce them into insurrection and murder. This was a song for a polished drawing-room with a witness! Brutalized, indeed, must be the feelings of those, who, remembering the virtues and worth of Kilwarden, could bear with complacency, this song for savages.

"No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is, when some heart indignant breaks,
To say, that still she lives." *Page* 32.

Ireland possesses a freedom under the British government, unknown to her in the days of her petty feudal kings. So this mischievous rant appears calculated to rouse the angry passions of the ignorant servant, who may hear these melodies sung in drawing-rooms, at a time, perhaps, when he may be strongly solicited to join in the Ribbon Conspiracy. It formed an appropriate strain for the murderers of the Lynches in the neighbourhood of Tara Hill,

The writer casts around him fire-brands, arrows, and death, and then says—*am I not in sport?* The cool, calculating people of England may say, in their Morning Post, that "I *appeal to the angry passions of an ignorant mob.*" "But I deprecate this; it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could have been intended to circulate." This is, however, quite a sophistical attempt at justification. The expensive *musical work* could not have been intended for the mob; but the ballad-singers of Ireland have got hold of the words, as might be expected; the very worst of them are popular among the Ribbonmen, at least in Ulster; and, when the Author reads of the horrible brutalities committed by these bigoted ruffians, he may put his hand to his heart, and ask his conscience, whether his inflammatory songs have, or have not, a tendency to hurry the savages into "*these excesses.*" *See his Preface to the Third Number of the Second Volume.*

"Erin! Oh Erin, thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of BONDAGE, thy spirit appears;
The nations are fallen, and thou art still young,
Thy sun is but rising, while others are set,
And tho' *slavery's* cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! Oh Erin! tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade."
&c. &c.

WEEP ON!

(THE SONG OF SORROW.)

Weep on—weep on—your hour is past,
Your dreams of pride are o'er,
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are now no more.
In vain, the hero's heart hath bled,
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain—
Oh FREEDOM! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again, &c.

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AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

We swear to revenge them! no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
(*Quere the grammatical propriety of* "unwed.")
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall be wasted,
Till vengeance is wreaked on the murderer's head!
Yes, Monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall,
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant, is sweeter than all!

This breathing of revenge is utterly Anti-Christian.—The objects of revenge in Ireland, are too frequently the magistrates, jurors, and witnesses, who are instrumental in bringing culprits to punishment; and when this punishment is capital, all these persons are considered murderers by the misguided peasantry.

O'RUARC OF BREFNY.

Already the curse is upon her—(IRELAND.)
And *strangers*, her vallies profane,
They come to divide and dishonour,
And tyrants they long shall remain;
But onward—the green banner waving,
Go, flesh ev'ry sword to the hilt,
On *our* side is virtue and Erin,
On their's is the *Saxon* and guilt.

Had not the battle of Waterloo providentially settled this question, the sword of the Irish rebel would, ere now, have been fleshed to the hilt in the unoffending bosom of the Saxon, which means the Protestant of Ireland.

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

" Oh! where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?

What soul, where wrongs degrade it,
Would wait, till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once would spring
To the throne of Him who made it.

Farewell, ERIN! Farewell all,
Who live to weep and fall, &c. &c.
We tread the land that bore us,
Our green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried, are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us." *Ibid. page* 89.

'TIS GONE, &c.

Tune—*Savourneen Dheelish; or rather, Erin go Bragh.*

This Song might with great propriety be denominated, a *dirge for the funeral of Jacobinism.*

" Och, shame on the tyrants who envied the blessing,
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at death's reeking altar, like furies caressing,
The young hope of FREEDOM—baptiz'd it in blood.
Then vanish'd for ever, that FAIR SUNNY VISION,
Which, in spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remembered, pure, bright, and Elysian,
As first it arose, my lost ERIN on thee."

THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM.

This is a lamentation for the Popish slaves who fought against the Protestant forces of the great King William, under Ginkle, at Aughrim, on the 12th of July, 1690.

Forget not the field where they perished,
The truest, the best of the brave,
All gone, and the bright hope we cherished,
Gone with them, and quenched in the grave.

Oh, could we from death but recover
These hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high Heav'n to fight over,
The combat for *Freedom* once more.

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which tyranny flung round us then,
Oh, it is not in man or in HEAVEN,
To let tyranny bind it again, &c. &c.

This impious bravado was once sung in the presence of a rough Northern Protestant, who favoured the company with the following brief reply, to the Tune of—*Why should we quarrel for Riches.*

We remember the field where they perish'd,
Each hugging the chain of a slave,
For the tyrant they fought for and cherish'd
Their freedom had sunk in the grave.

And could ye from Pluto recover,
Their hearts, as they bounded before,
"THE SAXON" would fight the fray over,
And teach them to tremble once more.

Many, too many quotations, of a similar kind, could be given from this fascinating, but inflammatory Work. The best commentary on it will be the following extract from

Spencer's View of Ireland, a small part of which, the Author was unguarded enough to quote in the thirteenth page of his Second Volume :

IRENEUS.—"It is most true, that such Poets, as, in their writings, do labour to better the manners of men, and through the sweet bait of their numbers, to steal into the young spirits, a desire of honour and virtue. But these Irish Bards are, for the most part, of another mind, and so far from instructing young men in moral discipline, that they themselves do more deserve to be sharply disciplined, for they seldom used to choose unto themselves the doings of good men, (*such as the dying words of Lord Kilwarden*) for the argument of their poems, but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition, (*even such as Emmett, who made insurrection with those who had committed murder*) him they set up and glorify in their rhymes, him they praise to the people, and to young men, make an example to follow."

EUDOXUS. —"I marvel what kind of speeches they can find, or what faces they can put on, to praise such bad persons; or how can they think any good mind will applaud or approve the same."

IRENEUS.—"There is none so bad, Eudoxus, but shall find some to favour his doings; but such licentious parts as these, tending for the most part to *the hurt of the English*, or the maintenance of their own lewd liberty, they themselves, being desirous thereof, do most allow. Besides this, evil things being decked and attired with gay attire of goodly words, may easily deceive and carry away the affections of a young mind that is not well stayed, but desirous, by some bold adventures, to make proof of himself; for being, (as they all be) brought up idly, without awe of parents, without principles of masters, (*denied to them by the Popish Clergy, in* 1820,) and without fear of offence, not being directed or employed in any course of life which may carry them to virtue, will easily be drawn to follow such as any shall set before them,

for a young mind cannot rest, if he be not still busied in some goodness, he will find himself such business as shall soon busy all about him. In which, if he shall find any to praise him, and give him encouragement, as those Bards and Rhymers do, for little reward, or in lieu thereof, a stolen cow, then waxeth he most insolent, and half mad with the love of himself and his own lewd deeds; and as for words to set forth such lewdness, it is not hard for him to give a goodly and painted shew thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to virtue itself. As of the most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his lifetime on spoils and robberies, one of their *Bards*, in his praise will say, that he was none of the idle milksops that were brought up at the fire-side, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises; that he never did eat his meat before he had won it with his sword; that he lay not all night slugging in his cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives; and did light his candle at the flames of their houses, to lead him in the dark, &c. &c.

"Do you not think, Eudoxus, that many of these praises might be applied to men of the best deserts; yet, they are all yielded to a most notable traitor, (*such as Emmett, or the murderers of Lord Kilwarden*) and amongst some of the Irish not smally accounted of. For the song, when it was first made and sung to a person of high degree there, was bought, as their manner is, for forty crowns."

Eudoxus.—"And well worthy, sure; but tell me, I pray you, have they any art in their compositions, or be they any thing witty or well-favoured, as poems should be?"

Irenæus.—"Yea, truly, I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them; and surely, they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not in the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet, they were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their own natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them; the which it is great pity to see so abused *to the gracing of wickedness and vice*, which, with good usage, would serve to

adorn and beautify virtue." So much for the Irish Melodies, ancient and modern.

Near Wildgoose Lodge, upon the Lynches' fate, &c.

STATE OF IRELAND.

From the Anti-Jacobin Review, and Protestant Advocate, for November, 1816—*Page* 344, &c.

We have again to call the attention of our Readers to a murder, an Irish murder of the most dreadful and alarming tendency. Every son of Ireland, who feels the smallest degree of attachment to his native land, ought to rouse himself to exertions of the severest nature, that the perpetrators of this bloody deed should be all brought to the scaffold. Papists and Protestants ought to vie with each other, for a purpose not merely laudable and right, but actually necessary, except they intend the island to be the abode of savages only. In a few years, after a few more such occurrences, if this escapes with impunity, the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands will be far more advanced in civilization. Reflect on the terrible circumstances of this case: a man's house is robbed, he detects the robbers, and brings them to justice. In revenge for which, forty men on horseback surround his house, (*on the subsequent trial, it appeared there were an hundred men present and concerned in this horrible transaction,*) and in it burn himself, his wife, his son-in law, an innocent babe, two maid-servants, and two young men——they were all burned alive!! Who in that neighbourhood will again dare to appeal to the justice of his country? Will not Divine vengeance be speedily exerted on such a country? (*And most speedily it was exerted, for in the succeeding spring the famine and the fever occurred.*) Is it credible, that the inhabitants have been conversant with the most orderly nation in Europe for three hundred years? Martial law ought instantly to be proclaimed through the county of Louth, and the neighbouring districts; soldiers ought to be quartered through every village, until each of these forty murderers is hung in chains; nay, if they were condemned to suffer "*more majorum*," that

is, *hung up alive;* in these chains, they would then scarcely receive their deserts. Yet, shocking to say, they are all by this time absolved, if they did not receive previous *absolution.* Perhaps, some idle penance, some injunction to walk bare-footed round some holy well, or blessed stone, has been inflicted upon them.

Extract from the Dublin Correspondent of November 1, 1816:—"One of those atrocious acts of vengeance, the frequency of which brings shame upon the country, has been again committed, and under such tremendous circumstances, as beggar all power of words to describe them in their full enormity. A man named Lynch, who lived at a place within three miles of Ardee, in the county of Louth, had prosecuted, at the last assizes for that county, three men who had broken into his house at night. Upon the testimony of Lynch and his son-in-law, Rooney, these malefactors, Tiernan, Shanley, and Conlan, were convicted and suffered death accordingly. Lynch was aware of the danger to which his life was exposed by having brought these house-breakers to justice, but being a man of a firm and intrepid character, he resolved not to change his residence, and to defend himself against any violence. On Tuesday night last, at the hour of midnight, Lynch was doomed to atone by his death for having sought redress from the public justice of his country: a body of men, supposed to amount to forty, and well mounted, rode up to his dwelling, which they surrounded, and without a single compunction at the indiscriminate destruction in which they were about to involve so many, they set fire to the unfortunate man's house, and destroyed in this diabolical deed not only Lynch and his son-in-law, Rooney, but his wife, one child, two servant maids, and two young men!! Human nature sickens at the contemplation of such an act of horror, and language sinks under the task of expressing the emotion which it raises.

In consequence of the atrocious murder of Lynch and his family, a meeting of magistrates, eight in number, was held at Castle-Bellingham, on the ensuing 4th of November, the Right Honourable John Foster in the Chair, when they

adopted several spirited resolutions, and a sum of fifteen hundred pounds was subscribed in a few minutes, for the discovery and prosecution of the perpetrators of this crime, which one of them declared to be of a species unknown, but in the savage tribes of India when in open war."

LOUTH ASSIZES.

Dundalk, Wednesday, March 4, 1818.

BEFORE THE HONOURABLE JUDGE FLETCHER.

Hugh M'Cabe, John Kiernan, and James Campbell, were indicted for an assault on the house of Edward Lynch, of Wildgoose-Lodge, on the night of the 29th, or morning of the 30th of October, 1816; and also, for being aiders and abettors in setting fire to the house, and cruelly burning therein eight persons, viz. Edward Lynch, his son-in-law Rooney, two other men, inmates of Edward Lyneh, three women, and a child.

Prisoners pleaded not guilty.

Bernard M'Ilroy, an approver, remembers the burning of *Wildgoose Lodge,* on the 30th of October, 1816. Witness was there as an accomplice; he met a party at *Stonestown chapel* that night, about an hour after night-fall—— Pat. Divan, who was tried and executed last assizes, was amongst that party. Divan was *school-master* and *clerk* to the *chapel*. The party that ultimately gathered at the chapel that night consisted of about forty men, armed with guns, pistols, and pitch-forks. Divan divided the whole number into two parties, and witness was of the first party; they marched from the *chapel* by the mill of Louth to Wildgoose Lodge; they met no person till they came about midway on the lane leading from the high road near Reaghstown chapel—they met about twenty persons, who had fire in a small pot; both the parties joined, and spread right and left round the hill, on which Lynch's house was situated, to prevent the family from running out of the house down to the water. The party set fire to the house as quick as possible; heard the family securing the hall door at the inside, and heard a person within threaten to shoot any one that would offer to enter the house. Divan called out with a loud voice, "*Rooney, these are not old*

times, this night is your doom." Witness was stationed at the front of the house; he was employed in adding unthreshed straw to increase the fire. Saw the door broke open with a sledge, and unthreshed straw was thrust into the door-way to increase the fire, and prevent the people from getting out; heard cries of women and children in the house; the cries did not continue long, the destruction was soon accomplished. Witness identifies John Kiernan, one of the prisoners at the bar, having been present; Kiernan was blasted in the face that night with gunpowder, he had his hand up to it, and was bemoaning the accident. Witness left the house with the first party after the burning was complete.—None of the persons in the house escaped——all were consumed. Witness thinks there were *an hundred* persons at the conflagration.

After this man had been examined, Michael Kiernan, an approver; Peter Golaghy, an approver; Thomas Gubley, an approver; and Patrick Murphy, also an approver, gave lengthened depositions, all tending to fix the guilt imputed upon the prisoners.

After these some other witnesses were examined. The prisoner Kiernan, as the case for the prosecution was about to be closed, declared that he had been at the burning, he did not wish to deny it; that there were only twenty-five persons concerned in the burning, though an hundred persons had been stated by the approvers to have been there. And in this respect he said, they had sworn falsely. The defence of the other prisoners was the usual one of an *alibi*.

This trial lasted six hours—the Jury retired about five o'clock, and the court adjourned for an hour. A few minutes before seven, the Honorable Judge again appeared, and the Jury having agreed, returned to their box. John Kiernan, Patrick M'Cabe, and James Campbell, were found guilty, and being set to the bar, and the verdict read, with astonishing effrontery cried, *we are innocent*, our prosecutors are all false and perjured; even Kiernan, though he had confessed his guilt, said the same. The obduracy of those wretched men

astonished all present ; their hardness appeared to be of the most incorrigible nature, and the Judge, with marks of indignation and astonishment, then said – " Wretched men, I am sorry to say, that you appear to be the most obdurate and hardened miscreants that ever came before me. I thought I should not be able to pronounce the sentence of the law upon you – I feared that my feelings would not be able to sustain the task my duty imposes upon me ; but your obduracy has strung my nerves, and I do feel myself able now, without any feeling for your fate, to pronounce the awful sentence of the law that awaits you." The Learned Judge then pronounced the sentence in a solemn and impressive manner, imploring them to employ the short time allotted to them in this world in fervent supplication to Almighty God to have mercy upon them, and to forgive them their offences.

On Sunday the 8th, the day previous to their execution, when the Chaplain visited them, two of them laid hold on him, and had it not been for assistance that instantly came to his relief, they would have strangled him. If this tremendous result of ignorance or erroneous instruction had not been prevented by the vigilance of the keepers of Dundalk gaol; if a Popish Chaplain had been strangled by these ruffians, what an awful resemblance would the whole transaction bear to the story of the boy, who, under the pretence of whispering to her, bit off his mother's ear, at the foot of that gallows to which her neglect or erroneous instructions had brought him. What a lesson would it have been, if any other could have been necessary, after the exhibitions at Wildgoose Lodge and Dundalk sessions house, to warn those who undertake the office of instructing the peasantry of Ireland, against keeping our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, and the pure morality of the rest of the Holy Scriptures, from them !!! See the Anti-Jacobin Review and Protestant Advocate for April, 1818, page 185, in which there is an account of the attempt made by two of the Wildgoose murderers to strangle priest Duffy, who had visited them in their cell on the day before their execution, to administer, the report says, *spiritual consolation.*

A little after six o'clock on Monday morning, the above

convicts were taken from the gaol of Dundalk, pinioned and seated in two sociables, attended by the Romish Chaplain of the gaol, Colonels Baker and Brereton, and an escort of the 14th light dragoons, Samuel Pendleton, Esq and the horse police of Dundalk, the High and Sub-Sheriff, and the gaoler and executioner. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the morning, the Right Honorable John Foster and Lord Viscount Jocelyn, most of the Grand Jury, and several gentlemen of the county attended.

This awful procession moved off at a quick pace for Reaghstown ; the road toWildgoose Lodge being impassable, or they would have suffered within the walls of the house. The hill of Reaghstown looks down on Wildgoose Lodge. These unfortunate wretches were executed, three at a time, (others, besides those whose trial has been here given, having been previously convicted of the horrible crime.) After they were cut down, three of them were sent to Corereagh, four to Hackball's Cross, and three to Louth, to be hung in chains.

Kiernan, Craven, and Lennon, submitted to their fate, and acknowledged their guilt; and just before Lennon was launched into eternity, he said *he well knew seven of his unhappy companions were guilty.* When taken out of gaol, Malone, Meighan, and Campbell, conducted themselves in a most disgraceful manner. The Romish Chaplain of the gaol intreated them by the sufferings of their Saviour to confess their guilt, and not to leave this world with a lie in their mouths. His admonitions had no effect, and the miscreants *endeavoured to inflame the minds of the populace* by declaring their innocence.—"*Qualis vita finis ita.*"

At the place of execution, their conduct was equally hardened. They prayed with apparent devotion for a short time, nobody, however, could ascertain whether it was to GOD or man—to the Divine SAVIOUR of Sinners, or to dead men or dead women, they prayed; but on ascending the scaffold, they burst out into their former exclamations against their prosecutors, and declaring their innocence. The Rev. Mr. Duffy, during this scene, is reported to have patiently and fervently implored the wretched men to meet their God as peni-

tent sinners, and to forgive their prosecutors. Quere, what had they to forgive their prosecutors ?

As this whole transaction, disgraceful as the circumstances of the crime have been to Ireland, has a strong bearing upon the present state of education and religion in this Island, it may be proper to conclude the detail of it with the following correct abstract of the Charge of the Honorable Mr. Justice Fletcher on the conviction of these murderers :—

" I will take this opportunity of making some observations on facts that have come out on these trials ; they do not actually bear on *this* case, nor are they intended for the particular observation of the jury. I address them to all who hear me, and especially for the consideration of the *Catholic clergy*. If the Priests of this and the neighbouring counties, where this horrible conspiracy was hatched and formed, possessing, as they do, and as every body knows they do, the most unbounded influence and means of information respecting the conduct of their several congregations, had done their duty, *it is impossible* such a conspiracy could have existed without coming to their knowledge.

" The prisoners already convicted of these diabolical murders, *(I am saying nothing as to those now at the bar,*) after the most serious consideration of their cases, and the solemn verdict of a jury, with a hardihood of guilt, which, long as my experience as a barrister and as a Judge has been, I never saw paralleled, have flown in the face of their GOD, and by a declaration of their innocence, attempted to disprove that guilt of which no man endowed with the smallest portion of reason could for a moment entertain a doubt. Can it be supposed that men in their situation, who must, within a few hours, appear in the presence of that Judge, to whom not only their actions, but their thoughts are known, *if they were influenced by a proper sense of their religion, or if they* were INSTRUCTED *in any the smallest particle of religious duty,* would have obstinately and impudently persisted in such a declaration, and gone out of the world with a lie in their mouths ? I say, *if the Priests* of this and the neighbouring counties had properly exerted that influence which the rituals of their Church

gave them, not only over the actions, but the secret sentiments and opinions of their flock; if they refused the performance of these rights to those who did not make penitence and disclosure of their crimes the condition of their pardon—*I say*, *if the Catholic Clergy had not slumbered on their posts*, we should never have witnessed such conduct as was yesterday exhibited in this court.

" It appears that the monster Divan, who now on a gibbet pays the forfeit of his crimes, was *clerk to a Catholic Priest*; he was, it seems, the *Parish School Master* too. It was to this *wretch* that the forming the morals and the minds of the rising generation was committed. The *chapel of Stonestown*, at whose altar he was administering, was the place of meeting for the party, of which he was the leader. *Another chapel*, that of *Reaghstown*, was the general rendezvous of all the parties of this diabolical confederation. If the Priests of these parishes had done their duty, could these meetings have taken place without coming to their knowledge? And if the Catholic Priests do not do their duty, where are their Bishops? Do they too sleep upon their posts? Why do not they pour upon their Clergy the censures of their Church—censures which we know they have the power of visiting in the severest manner.

" I know not whether any Catholic Priest now hears me, nor do I care; what I speak is for public benefit, and I wish it to be publicly known. I respect the members of EVERY CHRISTIAN Communion, who conscientiously discharge their important duties. The friendly feelings I have borne to the Catholic religion are well known; my character and my conduct in that respect are known and established; I therefore call on its clergy of every description—*Bishops* and *Priests*, to come forward and exert the authority they possess. I call on them by every obligation as ministers and men to come forward and vindicate their sacerdotal character, by an active and sincere performance of their duty. I have seen cases, where religious, and these political differences (if they can be called *political*) which have distracted this unfortunate

country, have caused much animosity between parties; I have seen cases between Orangemen and Ribbonmen, but this is no case of party zeal or religious fanaticism—here was Catholic against Catholic—here we see *a wide extended conspiracy*—men from all parts, east, west, north, and south, from the counties of Meath and of Monaghan, and of Cavan, and of Louth, bound by oaths, for the commission of any crime to which their leaders might conduct them, and these leaders, selected for their determined and desperate character, joining in a desperate and diabolical scheme for the destruction of an unfortunate man and his family, against whom it does not appear that any of them felt *personal animosity*—most of them had never seen him; and, it is probable, many of them, until then, had never even heard of him. What was the offence that called for the extinction of this man, and every living creature that composed his family? He had the audacity to defend his property, when it was attacked by a band of *nightly robbers*; and when he appealed to the laws of his country for redress, he brought three of these robbers to condign punishment. Do the deluded people of this country consider to what their conduct tends? I will tell them—it will drive from it every man of mild and peaceable disposition—every man of mild and humane feeling—all those who, by their property, or from inclination, would be likely to improve it, or meliorate their condition; in short, every man, who is not boldly determined to risk his safety, to set them at defiance, and stand ever watchful, and on his guard. To this wretched state would they reduce this country. And what are the laws they thus labour to subvert? I know something of the laws of *other* countries, and I have grown old in the study, and the practice, and the administration of the laws of *this*, and I tell you all, there is not a country upon earth, whose criminal code is founded upon principles so humane and so benevolent; there is no country on earth but this, where the first duty of the Judge is, to be of Counsel for the prisoner."—(*Anti-jacobin Review, Vol.* LIV. *page* 180, *published by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster-Row, London.*)

Here we have a call upon the Romish Clergy of several Counties in Ireland, to which it was their duty, in justice to themselves, if innocent of the imputation cast upon them, to attend most seriously ; a call too, not from an adversary, but a benevolent friend—" one whose character and conduct, (to use his own words) with respect to their religion, are known and established." And how has this call been attended to ? It has produced neither notice or effect, except the forfeiture of a considerable portion of the popularity which the learned Judge had previously acquired among a description of men ever known to entertain more hostility to those who go part of the way with them in their progress to political power, and decline to proceed to extremities, than against their most determined adversaries. None of the monthly conferences of Ecclesiastics, who assemble in the neighbourhood of Stonestown and Reaghstown Mass-houses, have published resolutions or offered subscriptions for the apprehension and conviction of *the eighty four outstanding murderers ;* we hear not of their being excommunicated in either of these places ; or, that the altar at Stonestown, desecrated by the brutal massacre plotted there, and polluted by the public ministry of the murderer Divan, has been consecrated again in the presence of a multitude called there to witness the abhorrence entertained by their clergy of this murderous conspiracy—not a word of this kind is heard ; and the Romish clergy are still " *sleeping on their post* " in profound security, or rather, alive, awake, and active on their posts, denouncing Bibles and Schools, and denominating, with unparalleled audacity, their countrymen "*wolves in sheep's clothing*," for no other cause than their benevolent efforts to educate the rising generation in such christian principles as would lead them to abhor the dreadful example of such murderers as Divan, of Stonestown chapel, and the cruel Ribbonmen of the Archdiocese of Tuam. They are busily occupied in abusing and calumniating the Clergy of the Established Church, and other teachers of the reformed Faith in Ireland, particularly the former, to whose residence in their parishes, and activity as administrators of justice, a great proportion of our

late tranquillity may be most justly ascribed, and who are now beginning to be fired at like "*wolves*," or wild geese, in the Province of Connaught, not only in revenge for their magisterial exertions in preserving the peace, but because they are denominated by the Pope and his Clergy, *lying teachers, bringing in sects of perdition.*

Now, if this dreadful accusation be well founded—if the teachers of the Protestant Religion, and the Clergy of the National Church at the head of them, be really and truly lying teachers, and the bringers-in of sects of perdition, the sooner they are extirpated from the island the better; severe as the act may be deemed, none can deny it to be an act of mercy to the souls of millions yet unborn, who may perish by their means. But if, on the contrary, the religion called "*Catholic*" in Ireland, be what Archbishop Usher, and eleven other Irish Bishops, most solemnly and publicly declared it to have been on the 23d of April, 1727—if it be no other than "*a deluge of Catholic Apostacy,*" *in which our deluded countrymen are perishing by thousands and millions*—if it be, what Saint John the Divine calls it, "The hold of every foul spirit, the Mother of Harlots, and abomination of the earth, drunken with the blood of the Saints and Martyrs of JESUS CHRIST, then it behoves the British government and legislature, to revert to the original principles of the Constitution, no longer fascinated by the pernicious delusions of Burkism or Grattanism—to beware, how, for any present temporal advantages, or apparent advantages, they encourage by immunities such an execrable superstition, which is no more or less than "*setting religion to sale, and with it the souls of the people,*" precisely with the same degree of incredible impiety, that (as it is alledged) the East India Company derives an annual income from the pilgrims, whom they permit to offer human sacrifices at the wheel of the Juggernaut Idol. It behoves the deluded people of Ireland to awake from their deadly stupor, and emancipate themselves from this Babylon; to take the profitable advice on record in the Revelations, "TO COME OUT OF HER," nor be any longer partakers of her sins—that they be not partakers of her plagues!"

It will, at least, be now most confidently expected, that one of the first acts of the reign of our beloved Monarch, King George the Fourth, after he has taken the Coronation Oath, to which his Majesty's known and avowed principles so fully accord, will be, the effectual preservation of the true religion established amongst us, and the protection of its clergy and laity from the intolerable insults and injuries with which they have been most audaciously troubled for the last twenty-five years.

In mercy even to his Majesty's subjects of the Romish profession, (many of whom are not of that persuasion, though they dare not say so,) some act of this kind would be most desirable at the present time. Many, very many, are just now heart sick of the fatal mockery in which they have been educated, and would quietly amalgamate with their christian countrymen, were it not for the late encouragement given in a spurious spirit of liberality to Popery, and for a kind of respect to the errors of their ancestors, intermingled with a secret fear of suffering persecution from a rich and artful Popish Hierarchy, aided by their lay brethren, the brutalized and ferocious members of the Ribbon Association, who are at this day, denouncing vengeance against several who have had the wisdom to forsake the errors of the Church of Rome.

Mr. O'Connell himself, has repeatedly declared, that though he was a Catholic, he was no Papist; and a declaration of this in a legal manner, would be all that could be necessary to emancipate him in every sense of the word. His becoming a member of the primitive Apostolic Council of the empire, would effect this.

In the following speech of a gentleman of the Romish profession, at a public meeting in the Mass-house of the Shire town of Cavan, on the 28th of October, 1817, affords still further and more undeniable evidence of the contempt into which the Popish clergy of Ireland have fallen with their own people.

"'At the meeting held by public requisition, Thomas M'Cabe, of Shanhill, Esq. in the Chair, Dr. M'Donald is reported in

the public papers of the day, and in the Anti-Jacobin Review, (Vol. liii. page 547,) to have thus addressed the Chair:

Mr. CHAIRMAN— "The object of this meeting is very well known. I know it is with reluctance the laity come forward on this occasion, and nothing but a superior and irresistible sense of duty could have brought me to meddle at all in ecclesiastical concerns. It is a lamentable fact, that *notorious* and *flagrant abuses* have been growing up in this diocese for a considerable time; they are becoming the theme of universal conversation and animadversion with all ranks of people, Clergy and Laity, Protestants and Catholics. It is time that the hollow murmurings of general discontent should find vent through their proper channel—the public expression of our sentiments. It is not my intention to enumerate all the abuses, or mention the names of the unfortunate men, whose *scandalous lives* render them unfit for the ministry of the GOSPEL; instead of keeping pace with the illumination of the age, and improving it in morality and good sense, *we have been progressive in a state of rapid and shameful deterioration!*

"Ganganelli, one of the greatest luminaries ever the Church beheld, advised the Ministers of the Gospel to guard against infidelity on the one hand, and superstition on the other.—— Has that admonition been adhered to in this diocese? On the contrary, *a superstition of the most monstrous and detestable description*, that would have dishonoured and disgraced the most barbarous ages of the world, has taken firm root, and threatens to incorporate itself with true religion, so as to destroy its purity, respectability, and dignity. I have no doubt that miracles have been worked in the early ages of the Church, even after the days of the Apostles, but then they were only pretended to by men of the most sanctified lives, and whose moral character was above all suspicion; but at this enlightened period of the world, this exclusive right of working miracles is laid claim to by men of the most infamous and profligate characters, demoralized wretches, who are not only a dishonour to religion, but *disgraceful to human nature!* Some of them so far gone in folly as well as depravity, as to disdain the aid of hypocrisy, making religion a pander to their

avarice and profligacy. These are lamentable facts; but lamentable as they are, there are present here this moment, some of the most excellent of the Clergy, to attest, if necessary, the truth of what I assert."

So far this Romish gentleman harangued a congregation of his own profession, in the Mass-house of Cavan, at a respectable public meeting. Those best acquainted with Ireland may readily add their testimony, that there is not a diocese in any part of it, and more particularly in the Archdiocese of Tuam, without infallibles of this description; factious and abandoned profligates, training up the youthful peasant into habits of debauchery, drunkenness, mendicity, and disloyalty, to the ruin of the bodies and souls of those unhappy people, and the shame and confusion of others of their order, who are influenced only by the fatal tenets of a church which control their better feelings and dispositions, and who, (to use the words of the wise and learned Bishop of Meath. in his Charge to the Clergy of his diocese on the 11th of July, 1818,) "Dreading being censured for want of zeal by their more bigoted and infuriate brethren, have not the spirit to free themselves from this thraldom, and suffer *the stigma to attach to the whole with scarcely an exception.*"

What a cause of lamentation is it, (says the author of a late Epistle to the Bishop of Norwich,) that ever such a religion should have contaminated the generous breast of an Irishman! Would to God it had been for ever confined to its native country; there its murderous spirit meets a corresponding ferocity in the natural and vindictive treachery of the inhabitants; but why pollute the fair soil of ERIN with its direful contagion? Why transform her generous sons into such savages, as perpetrated the horrid massacres of Wexford bridge, and at the barn of Scullabogue? What oceans of Protestant blood would have been spared? What peace, industry, and concord, would have blessed our happy land, had this scourge of human nature never spread its baneful influence over this otherwise favoured Isle—a Religion, (if religion it can be denominated,) which ought to be extinguished from the face of the Earth? Humanity demands

its sacrifice, and the providence of GOD is, in fact, rapidly exterminating it, and instituting THE RELIGION OF THE BIBLE IN ITS PLACE.

Then raged the Typhus Fever far and wide,
Thro' all the Land the voice of anguish cried, &c.

This fatal disease, which raged with so much fury in Ireland, in the year 1817, was generated among the Popish peasantry in the mountainous districts, and carried by them in all directions through the country, when they abandoned their dwellings by hundreds, and like a living tide of misery and corruption, entered the towns, and swarmed about the houses, devouring, in the extremity of famine, the very refuse of swine upon the dung-hills. There is, in fact, a very perceptible connection between Popery and idleness, mendicity and disease; it is not only in a spiritual, but even bodily sense, that it is unsound and leprous from head to foot. From the dawn of early infancy, to the day of his death, the Papist is so circumstanced, as to be led into habits of idleness, and consequent vice and misery. He is taught that poverty confers a degree of merit, both upon him who suffers under it, and the person who relieves him. The welcome periodical visits of the *bare-footed Friar*, whom he is taught to look upon as a model of saintly perfection, diminish his horror of beggary, and extinguish every spark of independence in his mind; he is led insensibly to admire not only the costume of mendicity, but the address and the artifice of the mendicant; he smiles at the assumed crutches of the light-footed cripple, or the pretended blindness of the clamorous impostor on the bridge. The habitual regard of TRUTH and DECENCY, which ought to form a principal object of a Christian education, is thus most effectually obliterated, if ever it is suffered to find entrance, and the youth rises into manhood, with all that proverbial treachery and rascality, which characterise the lower order of Papists in England or Scotland, and exhibit Popery in such disgusting perfection in London and Glasgow. An Irishman, thus educated, is not afraid to marry at the age of sixteen,

though he possesses no more in the world than the fee paid to the Priest, who, in many parts of the island, particularly in the province of Munster, derives an enormous revenue from encouraging this early propagation of misery ; in many parts of that Province, the marriage fee of poorest peasants, and even of menial servants, amounted *during the war*, to the sum of two guineas and an half, to procure which, the greater part of the unfortunate bride and bridegroom's wardrobe have been oftentimes sold. A few days work provides the new-married couple with a damp, unwholesome residence ; the quantity of food they have to expect, depends not only on their labour, but the quantity of filth or manure with which they can surround their cabin ; and if, at the age of thirty years, they find themselves encumbered with a numerous and sickly offspring, which their Priests will not allow to be educated in habits of religion, cleanliness, and industry, they are not ashamed to sally forth from their miserable home, and beg through the country, covered with rags and vermin, studiously refraining from washing their blankets, or even their faces, lest the slightest appearance of cleanliness should diminish the commiseration they intend to excite, and upon which they calculate for their means of living, without being obliged to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. The father of the family indeed, may be, in many cases, exempted from the imputation of laziness, but his efforts are irregular ; and often even, when he can procure constant employment, unhappily alternates an excessive labour with the indulgence of idleness on obsolete *holy days*, late hours, and in drunkenness, which are all equally destructive of health. While he is at work in England, Scotland, or the agricultural counties of his native land, his wife and children traverse the country, soliciting money and provisions all day, and finding a certain reception of hearty welcome every night from the poorer occupiers of cabins, to whom they come loaded with food, oftentimes well furnished with money, and always bringing either straw or hay, begged or stolen, which answers the double purpose of bedding for themselves, and remuneration for their

lodging on their departure in the morning. The doctrine of *works attoning for sin,* is the sheet-anchor of mendicity in Ireland ; and it would require an East Indian Treasury to remedy this progressive evil—if no other remedy exists but almsgiving. The most selfish and uncharitable contribute to perpetuate this nuisance, by giving alms to all who solicit it with sufficient importunity, merely because they trust it will purchase to themselves a license to commit sin with impunity, or prove the means of liberating their departed relatives from purgatory ; and oftentimes are they terrified into compliance by the bitter execrations which a refusal excites. In this manner is that most deleterious bounty on idleness and vice oftentimes extorted from the terrors of a morbid superstition, which common sense and mere humanity ought to withhold. A numerous race of hereditary mendicants, a species of Gipsies, have been thus produced in Ireland, to its incalculable injury and disgrace ; for it is known by melancholy experience, that when a family spends one successful summer in begging, not one out of an hundred of them will ever settle into quiet unobtrusive industry, or submit to the trouble of earning that bread with the sweat of their brow, which they have discovered an easier and more agreeable method of obtaining.

It requires no great degree of medical knowledge and experience to discover that diseases of all kinds, and particularly contagious maladies, must be prevalent among a body of people composed of families of this miserable people, than among a hardy, high-spirited, religious, and industrious population; and, accordingly we find that it was by the former that the *typhus fever* of 1817, was generated and introduced among the British inhabitants of Ulster, who exposed themselves to the fatal contagion by their humanity and Christian charity, in relieving the hordes of starving and sickly mendicants that flocked to them for relief during the prevalence of the famine and fever. The following account of the manner in which these unfortunate people brought the fatal disease into the thriving town of Strabane, or generated it there, will be found in the eleventh and succeeding pages of Doctor Rogan's interesting observations on the condition of

the middle and lower Classes in the North of Ireland, published by Whitmore & Fenn, Charing-Cross, London, 1819.

" Early in the Spring of 1817, a soup-shop was established by private subscription, for the relief of the poor inhabitants of Strabane. On an accurate census, they were found to amount to three hundred and four families, containing one thousand and twenty-six individuals; but in this return, few were included, except the actual paupers, as a feeling of pride prevented many, in extreme distress, from applying for subsistence of this kind. To the families placed on the list, a gratuitous distribution of soup was made three days in each week, in proportion to the number of their children. It was at first intended to confine this relief to those who were permanent residents, but *the multitudes* who flocked in from the surrounding country, as the season advanced, and who were actually perishing in the streets from want, made it soon indispensable to prepare a larger quantity of broth every day, in order to preserve their lives; beside the money subscribed for the soup-shop, a considerable sum was lent by the charitable inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, for the purchase of rice, oat-meal, and rye-flour, to be sold to the poor at first cost. The latter was baked into loaves, which were eagerly purchased, as the bread was very palatable, and cheaper than almost any kind of food.

Great as the number of paupers must appear, when the population of the town is considered, it soon bore a very small proportion to those who came from all parts of the country; the streets were thronged with beggars, whose emaciated bodies plainly shewed the extent of their sufferings from famine As the summer advanced, vegetables, not generally considered as esculent, were greedily eaten. Nettles, wild mustard, and the leaves of cabbage, were sought for most anxiously, and, with a very small admixture of oatmeal, formed the chief support of many families who endeavoured to remain in their cottages. When the begging poor were so fortunate as to get a few potatoes, their impatience to satisfy their hunger often prevented them from waiting till they were sufficiently boiled, so that they were eaten as soon as they became warm

cabbage leaves were devoured without any previous cooking. The bad effects of such food were soon apparent—Dysentery, Anasarca, and Fever ensued, which latter soon became widely diffused through the town, so that in a few weeks above an hundred persons were taken ill in different parts of the town.

" On visiting the houses where fever prevailed, I found some of them in a state of filth beyond any thing I had ever witnessed. That in which *the disease began*, had been occupied during the winter by a number of families, who had come from the mountains in search of employment, and had brought with them no furniture, nor any bedding except their blankets, (which they never could spare for the purpose of being washed,)—the poor got lodging here at a penny per night. The floors and stair-case were covered with filth, which had been accumulated for many months ; the straw used as bedding, which had not been changed for a great length of time, was gathered into a corner of the room in the morning, and spread over the floor at night. So numerous were the strangers from the surrounding country, that twenty or more often lay in one small room. To protect themselves from the cold, every crevice, by which air could find entrance, was carefully closed. The roof was in such bad repair, that the floors were always damp, and the cellars filled during the winter with stagnant water, which emitted a stench so offensive as to be perceptible at a considerable distance." Thus was the fever spread through Strabane ; in no part of Ireland was the calamity heavier—in none was it more humanely alleviated. Among the greatest sufferers, from the turbulency of the Romish peasantry, during the war, may be reckoned the Clergy of the Established Church, against whom their peculiar animosity had been directed under the different denominations of Defenders, Threshers, Carders, or Ribbonmen. In what a Christian-like manner these injuries were requited, appears in record on the Public Journals of the day, by which it appears that these injured and insulted order of men took the lead in every plan for the relief of the distressed peasantry of every denomination ; and in what proportion they contributed to the public contributions, out

of incomes diminished to an unparalleled degree, and often paid to them with the utmost reluctance and delay. Among the authentic documents of this fact, none is more accurate and decisive than that which is to be found among Doctor Rogan's observations.

"The benefits," says this Gentleman, "resulting to this part of Ireland from the residence of the Parochial Clergy of the Established Church, may be instanced in proof of the advantages to be looked for from the presence of the possessors of landed property. They are, in most instances, the authors of every plan for alleviating the distresses of the inhabitants, or in any way improving their condition; and, far from confining their exertions within the pale of their own Church, they are equally employed in benefiting those of every religious persuasion, whilst they are enabled, by the accurate knowledge they possess of the wants and circumstances of their parishioners, to afford assistance where it is most required, and in the manner most likely to prove beneficial. They constitute, in a considerable part of this Province, the greater number of the gentry; and the influence they possess, from their constant residence in their parishes, seems to contribute largely in producing the general good conduct, for which the inhabitants of Ulster are remarkable."—(*Page* 120.)

Yet thus FONTANA *fulminates from Rome,*
And KELLY *ventures to denounce at home, &c.*

The rash and uncharitable Circular Letters of these bigoted Ecclesiastics, have drawn the following observations, among others, from "THE PROTESTANT," a distinguished Weekly Publication, now appearing in Glasgow and Dublin, No. LXXXI. dated Saturday, January 29, 1820:

"In this letter from the Prefect of the College of Propaganda, as well as in the echo and amplication of it by the Titular Archbishop, we draw adirect and avowed interference of the Pope of Rome in the civil and domestic affairs of the people of Ireland, and that in opposition to the declared mind of our own Sovereign, and the active endeavours of all ranks,

who have avowed their conviction, that the happiness of the people in that kingdom cannot be promoted, without establishing schools for the education of the lower classes. Schools, almost without number, have been established throughout the country; they are supported chiefly by voluntary subscription of British Protestants, with the Princes of the Royal Family at their head. Those who have the direction of this benevolent undertaking, have introduced the word of GOD into the Schools; and in doing so, they conceived that they were doing their duty to GOD, and to their fellow-creatures. The question at present is not, whether the Bible be a suitable school-book? For my own part, I am persuaded there cannot be a better; but supposing, for the sake of argument, that it were otherwise, I ask, what has the Pope of Rome to do with it? The people of Ireland are the subjects of his Majesty King George the Third, who, many years ago, expressed his wish, *that every child in his dominions might be able to read the Bible, and have a Bible to read.* The subjects of this venerable Monarch, countenanced by the Princes of his family, are doing what they can in order to accomplish his benevolent desire. They have been wonderfully successful in Ireland; and, because they have been so, the Pope takes the alarm; he claims the people of Ireland as *his* subjects; he calls upon his agents the Romish Priests, to obstruct by every means in their power, what the Sovereign and the people of Britain, have considered necessary for the welfare of the inhabitants of that part of the empire. Is it possible, that such *insolence*—such an *encroachment of the independence of the British Empire*, should pass without a solemn universal protest against it?

"I know our Papists will reply, that he claims no more than spiritual authority over his spiritual children; and that he calls upon his Bishops only, to watch over their spiritual interests; but this, like almost every Popish argument, rests on falsehood. The present interference of the Pope is with *Schools for Education*. The establishment of Schools is a civil matter; the appointment of what books shall be read in Schools, is a civil matter; teaching children to read, is a ci-

vil matter. It is as secular men, that patrons of Schools prescribe the reading of the Bible. They cannot add the least influence to its doctrines, and they can add no weight to its authority ; but believing it to be the word of God, they hope it will do good to some, and are sure it can do no harm to any. But supposing they judged erroneously, the Pope has nothing to do with it—IT IS A MATTER OF CIVIL AND DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENT, with which no power Civil or Sacred, without this kingdom, has a right to intermeddle."

The Author then proceeds to convict the Bishop of Rome, either of fallibility or wilful falsehood, in the late Circular Letter from the Propaganda, which erroneously alledges that the Bibles used in the schools of Ireland, have been *translated by the Bible Society ;* whereas, it is well known that the Bibles distributed by this Society, are of the authorized version, which was translated into English more than two hundred years ago. This document, therefore, proves that *infallibility* may be mistaken ; or, that *infallibility* can tell a deliberate *lie.* I leave it to the humble servants of the Pope to make their choice between the two, for it is not possible for them to escape both. If the Pope had read a copy of the Bible which the Bible Society distributed, with its dedication, to King James the First, he would have known that it was not translated by the present distributors of it ; but as it is evident that he has not read, or seen even one of them, it required not only Popish impudence, but the impudence of a Pope to assert, that " *it is abounding with errors !*"

The whole of this Number is well worth perusal ; and the Author intends to take up Doctor Kelly's charge in his next, which he will, no doubt, handle with his usual ability.

Thus, Tuam's Archdiocese this day appears, &c.

The state of this Archdiocese, and particularly of the immediate neighbourhood of Tuam, but ill accords with the following eulogium pronounced on the Popish inhabitants of it by Doctor Kelly, in his Pastoral Letter :

" I cannot conceal the consolation that I experience, when

I reflect on your temperate, peaceful, and consistent demeanour under trials and temptations."

Now, except he means that this undeserved praise should be understood as censure in disguise, how can it be reconciled to the present horrible state of that part of Ireland.

The *Tuam Gazette*, after informing the public, (at the very time when this singular document appeared,) that Doctor Kelly had been obliged to excommunicate some of these people at the Mass-house of Tuam, and that these temperate, peaceful, and *consistent* Catholics, immediately after his admonition, launched into the most horrible expressions, and endeavoured to gain over to their ranks the people who were *but that moment* made sensible of the enormity of their proceedings, and the necessity of deserting from their *midnight meetings.*—(*Tuam Gazette, quoted in the Belfast News Letter.*)

Impales his victim on a novel rack,
Or cards the bleeding muscles from his back.

In one of the Newspapers, which published Doctor Kelly's eulogium on the Papists of his Diocese, appeared the following extract from the Athlone Herald, detailing a most savage and horrible outrage perpetrated by the temperate, peaceable, and *consistent* Ribbonmen of Tuam, whose attention has been so lately called out against the wolves in sheep's clothing, who are endeavouring to have their children taught to *search the Scriptures.*

The detachment of Police stationed in Ballintubber, succeeded on Monday se'nnight, in apprehending four Ribbonmen, charged with offences of the most henious malignity in the vicinity of Ballinlough. Having broken into a house where arms were kept by the owner for his protection, to extort a discovery, they beat and abused the poor man unmercifully with clubs; they then proceeded to torture him, harrowing and hackling his naked body with a strong thorny bush, until his flesh was torn and mangled to a jelly. Lastly, they had recourse to the novel punishment of impaling, and actually forced a sharp wooden instrument into the rectum, and a considerable way up through his body. These mon-

sters were identified by the man and his wife, who swore informations against them, before Major Willis, by whom they were committed to the gaol of Roscommon.—*Strabane Morning Post, January* 4, 1820—*No.* 426.

Yet, without the slightest allusion to the known state of the country; without any desire to take so convenient an opportunity of denouncing the midnight murderers, who are traversing the Province of Connaught in armed multitudes, the Titular Bishop talks to the peasantry in a style which would lead a stranger to suppose they had so many *trials and temptations* to endure, that they deserved to be praised for their loyalty, because they had not commenced their operations till the English Radicals were put down. He rouses them into fresh alarms by his bitter and unchristian language against those unoffending persons who have most laudably devoted their time and their money to render the peasantry of the Archdiocese to be really what he—*speaking unto them smooth things, prophesying deceit*, praises them for being, when he tells them, without excepting one of them—that "*he rejoices to see that they have rendered themselves worthy of the approbation of their Pastor, and that their virtuous, LOYAL,* (SIC LUCUS a non lucendo) *and peaceable conduct is conformable,* (quite so) *to their religious principles, and to the instructions they have received.*" Thus have we a military manifesto, couched under the disguise of a Pastoral Address—a sword concealed under an ecclesiastical vestment, and rivers of oil turned in upon an incipient blaze.

The following, among too many similar accounts, may serve to prove the truth of the foregoing observations.

CASTLEBAR, JAN. 31, 1820.—We learn, with much regret, that those deluded wretches, who call themselves Ribbonmen, continue to give serious annoyance to the peaceable inhabitants of a considerable district of this county. They are penetrating our boundaries from the counties both of Galway and Roscommon, and to frustrate their active schemes of evil, a very increased degree of vigilance will, we apprehend, be necessary on the part of the Magistracy and Gentry,

generally. Many of them are already honourably conspicuous, and to their exertions we owe it, that those miscreants have hitherto in this county, done but little injury, although they have dared to threaten much.

The Staff of the South Mayo Militia, from Westport, commanded by Adjutant Higgins, passed through this town yesterday; and the Staff of the North Mayo, from Ballina, under the orders of Colonel Jackson, arrived here this day, and are to go forward to morrow. We are not acquainted with their destination, nor, as we are informed, are the men themselves.

We have accounts of other outrages and bloodshedding near Moylough, in the county of Galway, but so indistinct, as to make it imprudent to notice for the present, even the particulars which are communicated.—*Mayo Constitution.*

ASSIZES INTELLIGENCE.

GALWAY, MARCH 24, 1820.—Edward Kenny, James Murphy, Thomas Roche, Thady Reilly, John Ryder, Thomas Fleming, John Kenny, James Hynes, Mark Sheridan, or Cresham, Patrick Concannon, Owen Reddington, Thomas Murphy, Michael Fleming, Thomas Sinnot, Michael Magrath, Darby Reddington, John Donohoe, Michael Reilly, and Patrick Heavy, were given in charge on an indictment for appearing armed by night, and assuming the name of Ribbonmen, at Ballygaddy, on the 2d of February last.

After the evidence on the part of the Crown closed, the following witness and others, were examined.

The Rev. Dr. Oliver Kelly, Titular Archbishop of Tuam, knows some of the prisoners; They live at Earcloney, *they had been advising with witness; knew of the Ribbon system being in the country, and of the country being in a bad state*; knows Thomas Roche, James Murphy, Thady Reilly, Patrick Concannon, Darby Reddington, John Kenny, Thomas Murphy, and Thomas Sinnot; *they were very peaceable and well-conducted men*; would not be surprised at hearing of people being armed in that neighbourhood; the people had been advising with witness how they should conduct themselves in case the

Ribbonmen came amongst them; witness advised them to resist the Ribbonmen.

By a Juror—*Did not advise them to make pikes for their own defence.*

All the prisoners were found guilty; sentence not passed.

It appeared on this trial, not only that *Dr. Kelly had been deceived by these infamous villains, but that likewise Mr. Blake, the Sovereign of Tuam, had been deluded, by their professing that they were acting against the Ribbonmen*; and, under the protection of this Gentleman, and by the *evidence of Dr. Kelly, they expected to have escaped punishment.* The whole of this trial should caution Gentlemen in future, from *affording protection or countenance to the lower orders of the people, unless they should have the most demonstrative evidence within their own knowledge of the loyalty and good conduct of the individuals.* Had Major Place, a most meritorious and deserving officer, been killed in this affray, the feelings of those Gentlemen, we are sure, would have been greatly agonized.—*Cavan Herald, April 4th*, 1820.

APPENDIX.

Epistle

TO AN ECCLESIASTIC,

ON THE BURNING OF A NEWSPAPER, WHICH CONTAINED AN EXTRACT FROM THE HISTORICAL POEM, OCCASIONED BY THE CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CARDINAL FONTANA AND DOCTOR KELLY:

GRAVE Sir, why thus in childish rage,
In this bright scientific age,
Vent your weak anger on a page,
Which many have commended.
That page afforded no pretence,
To any man of common sense,
To take foul umbrage or offence
At what was well intended.
'Twas meant, most humbly to record,
The visitations of the LORD
On those who slight his Holy Word,
And live in hate or malice;
That he who would from men remove
The volume of redeeming love,
Brings no commission from above,
To cottage or to palace.

This folly served but to amaze,
The men who saw you frown and gaze,
Upon that melancholy blaze,
Sad emblem of another;
Where the lost sinner's piercing cries,
And shrieks for vengeance rend the skies,
'Gainst those who taught him to despise,
And persecute his brother.

Fix'd for all ages is that state,
No prayer of your's can change his fate;
But, for yourself—bright Mercy's gate
Is kindly open still—
Retire and pray with all your might,
That on your soul, now dark as night,
Heaven may bestow one ray of light,
To rectify your will.

To teach you, ere you teach again,
That human efforts must be vain,
The Bible's progress to restrain,
On land or spacious ocean;
That when your angry labour's done,
It will be just as if you'd run
To cast your mantle o'er the sun,
To entertain such notion.

And now FAREWELL—the day will come,
When pale and trembling from the tomb,
You'll rise to your eternal doom,
Of misery or bliss—
To right or left hand borne away,
You'll either bless or curse the day,
That pity sent you on your way,
A lesson such as this.

JOHN GRAHAM.

Lifford, Jan. 27th, 1820.

A PASTORAL LETTER

From Rome,

IN THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING POEMS.)

FRIENDS, brothers, bishops, earnestly we call
On all our clergy to subdue Saint Paul,
The man of Tarsus, tho' his head lies low,
Lives in his writings, our eternal foe ;
Would, he had perished at an early day,
Or to Damascus, when he took his way,
Had dropp'd down dead before he was baptiz'd,
Or joined the cause he hated and despis'd ;
Time yet will come, if prophets tell no lie,
And we are dreading that it now draws nigh,
When men, convinc'd by Paul, shall forward stand,
To purge from error every Christian land,
When full of knowledge all the earth shall be,
As tides and currents fill the teeming sea :
Then truth, victorious, beaming upon man,
Shall to each eye, unfold the Gospel plan,
And to the world reveal, in open day,
The wiles we practice, and the tricks we play.
That fatal day, whene'er it shall arrive,
Will not, I fondly hope, find me alive ;
But on our dear successors and their friends,
The weight of all this horrid storm impends :

Therefore look sharp, nor grant to small or great,
The liberty the Scriptures to translate—
Wax noses call them—every name that's vile,
And in the indulgence of your bitter bile,
Rival the vigour of our own Carlile;
Carlile, the Bibles's foe, must be our friend,
By different means, we seek one common end.
He for "the Cause," slights liberty and life,
We call the Scriptures oracles of strife;
He tells the Christians they are knaves and fools,
We curse the Bible and the Christian schools.
Thus, it behoves us to make rapid strides,
To guard our altars, and our fire-sides;
Since we can't burn these records, let them lie
Lock'd up in latin from the vulgar eye,
Left to be studied and commented on,
By orthodox old doctors of Sorbonne:
Who, when their hoary heads are warm with wine,
Can best unravel mysteries divine,
And since this world's the rough wild field we till,
Let us disseminate the seeds of ill,
Commence our labours ever in good time,
Corrupt the hearts of youth before their prime;
Keep them from Bibles, stupify their mind,
And full returns in manhood we shall find—
Teach them to lie, to flatter, and deceive,
A source of gain shall rise from every knave;
For if mankind should too religious grow,
"The Church" must half her perquisites forego,
Sin swells the bank that feeds the Pontiff's purse,
And true religion proves his greatest curse.
Rome's ancient fabrick on some pillar leans,
The props of all her glory and her gains;

Of these, confession holds the highest place,
That ready mode of merchandizing grace!
The fairest farm may disappoint the swain,
Who looks in Autumn for the promised grain;
Tho' grapes should load the branches of the vine,
Hail, rain, or wind, may blast all hopes of wine;
War may lay waste the monarch's wide domains,
And sweep the crops and cattle from the plains;
But strict confession to a knowing hand,
Yields fruit more certain than the richest land.
No rain, no storms, no dire effects of war,
Its regular returns of profit mar;
Arm'd with this weapon, Princes feel our weight,
When fit occasion, serves in every state.
King's from their thrones indignant have we hurl'd
And beggars raised to rule a conquer'd world.
The Corsican Usurper's friends we stood,
Crown'd, blessed, and married him to royal blood,
Leaving his lawful wife in widowhood.
Think not our influence we over-rate,
Recounting thus our power in the state;
For when the secrets of all hearts we know,
Prolific seeds of treason we may sow,
And with sly hints, and whispers of their force,
Incite the rabble to each factious course:
Kindle foul rancour in the peoples' breast,
Against the men we envy or detest;
Marking them by some execrable name,
We blast them as the sons of sin and shame,
Doom'd in their cursed carcases to feel,
The fiery faggot, or the avenging steel;

And when we lead our friends into a scrape,
Or when they're charged with murder or with rape,
We often make away for their escape.
By large collections, at our altars made,
To hir'd witnesses and lawyers paid—
By closely questioning and shriving those,
Who must give testimony for our foes ;
And by that practice which the Christian loaths,
Our absolutions for man's broken oaths.
Hear now, to whom your chief attention 's due,
Still keep this wise arrangement in your view :
Let the old Matron claim your prior care,
Whose wealth and weakness seem to promise fair,
Whose abject superstition may supply,
The means your avarice to gratify.
Next let the usurer attract your eye,
Who loves to live in sin, a saint to die.
The Merchant next, the profits of whose trade,
Require that offerings to the Church be paid.
Make the transgressor compromise with gold,
The oaths he falsely swore, the lies he told ;
And should our friends hold offices of state
Should they become by blood or plunder great
Or dare against our views to legislate :
Mark them as sources of abundant gain—
High must the penance be, when deep the stain.
When stretch'd in agony upon his bed,
A raging fever strikes the rich man's head.
When drugs and doctors bring no more relief,
And all the family is plunged in grief,

Be sure ye carefully that bed attend,
As if this Dives were your dearest friend ;
Though vice had stained his life too gross to name,
For which you witness neither grief nor shame,
Give him your transubstantiated bread,
Your off'ring for the living and the dead—
Anoint his body, whisper in his ear,
That he from every mortal sin is clear—
That trusting in himself, and in the Pope,
He needs no stronger anchor for his hope ;
And though the awful hour of death draws nigh,
Leave him in fatal ignorance to die.
For his departed soul let mass be sung,
Processions walk, and blessed bells be rung,
And offer " Month's Minds," till the purging fire,
By floods of holy-water shall expire !
But let rich souls alone at rest be laid,
Send them to Heaven, when your fees are paid.
As for the beastly beggars, when they die,
Let them despis'd in purgatory lie ;
Guide not their lifeless bodies to the grave,
Nor waste a mass their sordid souls to save :
No time, no pains, no thought should you bestow,
On those from whom no recompense can flow ;
For where's the wise man that was ever found,
To waste his labour upon barren ground—
To spend his swiftness in a vain pursuit,
Or water gardens that produce no fruit.
If there's a man, who dares to keep aloof,
Who dreads to see a Monk beneath his roof,

Who will not often to confession come,
That mighty mainspring of the Church of Rome?
Send for his servants, and of them inquire
His mode of life, their diet and their hire;
Fish for some secret floating in their mind,
Which, if you should, by searching questions find,
And manage well, may bring him to his knees,
To beg for secrecy, and proffer fees;
But if no chance can throw it in your way,
An accusation to his charge to lay,
Should his pure life defy the voice of fame,
A single crime against him to proclaim:
Then cry out "Heresy," impeach his creed—
Call him "A WOLF," and then you will succeed;
Fear will compel him to abate his pride,
And cast the veil 'twixt him and you aside.
But let no pray'rs, or tears, or length of time,
Avail to gain forgiveness of his crime,
Until, by fees and fasting, render'd pure,
His reconciliation he secure.
When with close care and artifice refin'd,
You have explor'd the secrets of his mind;
When the fair sinner once has told you more,
Than ever human ear has heard before—
When the rich rogue, to consequences blind,
Has told you what he did, and he design'd—
When the pale murderer has told the tale,
Which brings him to the block, if you reveal:
Then Proteus-like, assume what form you please,
For all these victims may be spoil'd at ease;

Fear no refusal of your high demands,
Their character, their life, is in your hands;
Nor lose your spoil, by taking for your fee,
A worthless gratitude, which false must be,
For still, whoever has uncased his mind,
To dread his confidant, must be inclin'd,
Conscious of guilt, he wishes that man dead,
Whose frown can heap confusion on his head.
When writing edicts, dip your pen in gall,
Keep taunting nicknames ready at a call;
And when you'd strike an adversary dead,
Pelt Latin texts of Scripture at his head:
In this we have a precedent of note,
For Lucifer himself could Moses quote.
Guard our old building on Saint Peter's rock,
With energy against each hostile shock;
And if rash men with sacrilegious eye,
Into this edifice should dare to pry,
And point out portions of our crazy wall,
Which ne'er were built by Peter or by Paul,
Thinking it strange, that sinners should defile,
By human fancies, such a fair-built pile:
Blast them as heretics, condemn'd to dwell,
To all eternity in flames of hell.
Nor with less fury than the flames below,
Let Purgatory's profitable blazes glow,
With this great difference, that the purging flame,
By Papal bulls and masses, we may tame.
Tell the wild Irishmen, that when they die,
Their souls must here in horrid anguish lie,
Until surviving friends their pardon buy!

And should some wag in his own rustic way,
To your grave Reverences dare to say—
I see on each of you so mild a face,
Can so much feeling in your features trace,
That I can't think there could be such a place.
Oh ! if ye suffer one poor soul to dwell,
For want of money in this new-found hell,
How can the fear of GOD within ye dwell!
Exclaim—that he with heresy is cramm'd,
And tell the clown, that if he doubts, he's damn'd ;
But, recollect, descanting on the Mass,
To make our Priestly dignity surpass
All competition—for no son of man,
On earth or sea's immeasurable span,
Except ourselves, can of some grains of wheat,
A living mass of human flesh create—
Bow down to, and adore a work so fine,
Then break in pieces, plunge it into wine—
Bruise 'twixt the teeth, the blood, the bones, the skin,
And swallow all a sacrifice for sin !
Thus through the land your pious progress take,
At every step some shining money make ;
Rail at your King's religion, curse the fools,
Who send their children to Hibernian Schools ;
Absolve the Ribbonman, on whom devolves,
The mighty task of punishing the WOLVES,
Who in sheep's clothing have been found so bold,
As to affright the PROPAGANDA fold !

TO THE

PRINTER AND PUBLISHER

OF

The Dublin Evening Post.

SIR,

As the *Evening Post* is so little known in this Loyal Province, it was by mere chance that I saw your Paper of Saturday, the 12th instant, in which you honor me in common with the other Officers of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland, with a degree of abuse which might, perhaps, prove of serious consequence to us, if engaged in Commercial pursuits, and induce us to resort to the law for damages, were it not for the consideration that we should in the truest sense of the word have a man of straw to look to in the event of a conviction.

I should, indeed, consider your observations unworthy of notice, were it not for the opportunity they have afforded to me, of giving you a lesson which may prove salutary to other deluded Protestants; and, at the same time gratify, by a public avowal of our principles and objects, the many thousands of loyal Protestants, to whose good opinion I owe the honorable station which I hold among them.

You profess yourself, Sir, to be a competent judge of talent; a man possessed of nice discernment respecting the degree of loyalty due by Protestants to a Protestant Government; and possessed of so just an idea of the numbers and overwhelming weight of the Orangemen of Ireland, that you appear to be astonished at the discovery that *all* their grand functionaries, as you please to call them, are not men of rank

and talent—the Grand Master—Treasurer—Secretary, &c. Generals or Aldermen, and their Chaplain a Dignitary of the Church.

On these points, Sir, I beg leave to investigate your competency, and first of all the degree of talent which qualifies you to judge of the conduct of other men—"*Medice Cura teipsum*"—is a precept of known accuracy; "*who drives fat Oxen should himself be fat*"—and it is a generally received opinion that a teacher of prudence should exhibit some practical proofs that he understands the science he undertakes to descant upon.

Under this impression, how can we attach much importance to your grave observations on the conduct of a great, wise, and powerful body of Protestants, associated for the known purpose of preserving their own lives and the constitution of the empire in these trying times;—when you—yourself—a Protestant born and educated, grieved to their very hearts your respectable friends, and nearly brought the gray hairs of an aged and venerable grandfather to the grave, by the part you took, and the sufferings you brought upon yourself during a most awful period of our late contest for the liberties of Europe, and the existence of the British Empire; a period, Sir, when these genuine Patriots, who are the objects of your foulest calumny, stood like a wall of fire around the altar and the throne, equally dreaded by the disaffected, and venerated by those who could well appreciate their value in the hour of doubt and danger.

It is fresh in the memory of the Citizens of Dublin, that on the 20th of November, 1813, you were brought to the Bar in his Majesty's Court of King's Bench to receive sentence, for having in this same *Evening Post*, published a malicious libel against the late Duke of Richmond, a Viceroy, justly revered by the loyal men of Ireland, and whose late decease they lament as a public calamity. Nothing being offered in mitigation of punishment, the Attorney-General felt himself obliged to undertake the unpleasant task of stating in aggravation of your guilt, that you had published a seditious, base,

and malignant libel, which, under pretence of defending you, had been pronounced in that very Court, a libel the most false, the most dangerous (*as tending to disaffect a large proportion of his Majesty's subjects*,) that had ever been uttered. "The Libel" (*continued the Attorney-General*) "had spared "no character, however exalted, however arrayed in virtue, "in wisdom, in learning, in integrity; from the Chief Justice "on the Bench down to the private citizen, who, in obedience "to the Summons of the Court, and conformable to his duty, "attended at the trial." (*See the Protestant Advocate Vol.* 1, *page* 153.) On this occasion, Sir, the Attorney-General quoted a case from Lord Hardwick, which would ensure your conviction, if prosecuted for the slanderous libel published in your paper on Saturday last. On the ensuing Monday, you were brought up for Judgment; and after Judge Day had reprobated the Libel you had published, and compared it "to a foul and filthy torrent accumulating in its course till it became too offensive to be permitted to proceed," ordered you to be imprisoned in his Majesty's Gaol of Newgate for two years; to pay a Fine of Five Hundred Pounds to the Crown, and to give security for your good conduct for seven years, yourself in One Thousand Pounds, and two Securities in Five Hundred Pounds each.

Now, Sir, as these seven years are not yet expired, your securities would do well to advise you to be somewhat more circumspect until November next, than you have been on Saturday, the 12th instant, for it may happen that others, whom impunity may encourage you to slander, may not hold you in that degree of contempt which protects you from being prosecuted by any of the Members of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland.

Thus, Sir, was your sentence pronounced in the public papers, and recorded in the Volume of the *Protestant Advocate* already quoted; and on the number of the same publication in February, 1814, we have the following account of an additional disaster, said to have befallen you; "in our last "we recorded the sentence passed on Mr. Magee, the Pro-

" prietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, for a Libel on the Go-
" vernment of the Duke of Richmond; we now have to state
" that Mr. Magee has since been served with legal notices
" from the Stamp Office in Ireland, that Stamps should no
" longer be issued to him. *A Statute* passed during the Re-
" bellion, and never before acted upon, authorized this pro-
" ceeding, and Mr. Magee, has in consequence disposed of
" his property in the *Evening Herald* and *Dublin Evening*
" *Post*. Thus, for the present, we have done with this Pro-
" testant Martyr to the Popish Cause!!"

And now, good Sir, permit me to ask, have you already forgotten how your cruel task-masters used you under these misfortunes; how they rewarded you for the sacrifice of character, property, and liberty, you have made in espousing their miserable cause; if so, pray send for a copy of that admirable production *Anacreon in Dublin*, and behold your features delineated in one of its Copperplate Prints, appearing; " sorrowful and dejected, looking through the iron bars of Newgate, while a Member of the Catholic Board 'ungratefully' walks past the miserable prison, with his hands in his pocket, laughing at your misfortunes, and chuckling at the idea of the miseries he had inflicted on a deluded Protestant, who forsook his friends, and fell into the hands of his enemies."

Whether on your resuming your Editorial Functions, you were esteemed a man of *Hay, Straw, or Stubble*; or how you contrive to procure Stamps for your lucubrations in defiance to the enacted law of the land, which prohibits such accommodation to convicted libellers—I am really ignorant, and the narrow limits you are pleased to assign to the talents of those Grand Functionaries of the Orangemen of Ireland, do not furnish me with the power of elucidating these mysteries. I shall therefore reserve my feeble powers for the purpose of addressing you in another letter, in pursuance to the line marked out for myself, and in the mean time, I remain in a situation to which Primate USHER, Go-

vernor WALKER, or Archbishop KING, would have reckoned it a distinguished honor to be elected.

JOHN GRAHAM,
Chaplain to the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland.

Lifford, 17th Feb. 1820.

TO THE

PRINTER AND PUBLISHER

OF

The Dublin Evening Post.

SIR,

In defence of my own character, and that of the Institution to which I have the honor to belong, I beg leave to address another letter to you in reply to the severe accusations against both in your paper of the 12th instant.

You will readily perceive that this task has been imposed upon me by yourself, for if your allegations in that publication are founded on truth, if the Association which has elicited your animadversions, be really bound together by an unlawful oath, if their allegations to the illustrious House of Brunswick stands upon a narrower basis than that of the rest of his Majesty's subjects, then may we plead guilty to your accusations and most justly suffer the consequences which your exposure of our names in the columns of your paper was evidently calculated to bring upon us, and upon none, perhaps, with severer injury than the writer of this letter,

allegiance

whose prospects here and hereafter depend upon his character and conduct as a Minister of the Gospel.

As to the approximation of extremes, and your parallel between English Radicals and Irish Loyalists, between Lieutenant-General Archdall and Orator Hunt, I am willing to give you full credit for the originality of such ideas, and to take the paragraph just as you intended it, acknowledging it to be a most excellent joke, and certainly not the less agreeable to us for the sly allusion we perceive in it to those who really did enter into negociations with the Knights of the White Hat last summer, and whose Clerical Plenipotentiaries were recognized passing frequently through Liverpool on their mission, "*partibus infidelium*," though some of them now claim credit for the quintessence of loyalty, because these negociations were broken off, when the prompt energy of the Manchester Magistrates, and the firmness of his Majesty's Ministers had rendered Insurrection hopeless.

With respect to the distinguished character at the head of the associated Protestants of Ireland, called Orangemen, the *Cavan Herald* has already observed, that so far from being a Mute in the British Legislative Assembly, as you have thought proper to represent him, the Gallant General has not long since received from his Constituents a public approval of his conduct for the conspicuous part which he took in the Senate, on a late question of vital importance to the welfare and stability of the Empire. Your readers will, I believe, readily recollect also, that General Archdall was not altogether dumb, when he attended a late Meeting in the loyal town of *Enniskillen*, with a phalanx of independent Protestants, and petitioned the Imperial Parliament against any further experimental concessions to a description of claimants for political power, whose gratitude seems to be inversely proportioned to the favours they receive, and whose appetite appears to grow from what it feeds on.

You have correctly observed, Sir, that our Deputy Grand Master is too well known and too well appreeiated for *you* to say a word in explanation of his character. Far, indeed, does Alderman King stand above the need of a character

from the *Dublin Evening Post.* He lives in the hearts of his fellow-citizens, and holds his high office amongst us, as a testimony of the gratitude of thousands of his Majesty's loyal subjects, as the bearer of the Protestant Petition of the City of Dublin, to the foot of the Protestant Throne of this great Empire, and as one of those steady friends of the Constitution, who, by their manly and spirited Petition from William-street, rendered the Rotunda fraud nugatory. With other men, whose attachment and services to the Protestant interest, rather than their rank or opulence, recommended them to the confidence of this widely extended Association, Alderman King has been elected to succeed to the steady and inflexible Duigenan, Musgrave, Cottingham, and Giffard, men whose undaunted efforts in maintenance of the Constitution, at the worst of times, have endeared their memory to the Protestants of Ireland.

With the respectability of their Grand Officers or Functionaries, as you are pleased to call them, the objects of your animadversion are perfectly satisfied, and so may you and their adversaries be. Whether each of them be worth a plum or a pound, they are efficient men in their situation, and possess the entire confidence of those who have elected them.

You ask, Sir, what chance this Association has to struggle with the spirit of the age? This question, Sir, you have involuntarily worded with the strictest accuracy, for we struggle WITH, not against the spirit of the age. Actuated by this same spirit of the age, we struggle to disseminate knowledge and promote the Christian Faith from persecution. The spirit of the age has brought the fabric of Superstition into a low state of contempt upon the Continent of Europe, where it has proved so prolific a parent of infidelity and crime. It is in vain that the order of the Jesuits and the Inquisition have been lately revived—the spirit of the age is against them. In vain shall interested Ecclesiastics continue to put the light of the Scriptures under a bushel—or check the progress of education. In vain shall exterminating societies be formed in Ireland—swearing whole villages of Protestants to conform to the Church of Rome, and pledging themselves to the cruel

resolve of paving the high ways with the bones of their adversaries—The whole system will perish—It will fall

'And when it falls, t'will fall like Lucifer,
Never to rise again.'

When this most desirable of human events shall occur, then, Sir, you may perhaps, with some degree of plausibility, endeavour to cast that degree of odium, which you now vainly attempt to throw upon our Association —The system of agression and alarm being annihilated by the mild spirit of Christianity, the necessary defences against it may be relaxed, and the very name of Protestant become obsolete, when the earth shall no longer be afflicted by the existence of those fatal errors and their fruits, against which we and our ancestors have been obliged to protest.

The traitorous Societies, against whose horrible machinations we have associated on the purest principles of loyalty and self-defence, do not appear to have been, at any time, thus branded in the columns of the *Dublin Evening Post.*

"Dat veniam corves vexat censura Columbas"

The Defenders—the Carders the Threshers and the bigoted Ribbonmen, have received that degree of feeble admonition, that gentle mode of treatment—that allowance for human frailties and infirmities, which you have denied to us, but which, no doubt, are exactly suited to the prepossessions of the perusers of your Gazette, which has been long considered the the Demi-official organ of a certain class of persons in Ireland.

But when bad men associate—good men should unite—when the Altar and the Throne of the realm are assaulted with unparalleled rancour and obstinacy, it cannot be considered criminal or even imprudent in their supporters to pledge themselves together, in a strong bond of union for the defence of both, and such is the union of the Orangemen of Ireland, whatever the ignorance or malice of the disaffected may alledge against it.

Neutrality in such a state of any country would be justly deemed infamous, and be peculiarly dangerous in ours—No, says the organ of a party, perverse under restraint, and incor-

rigible by adversity—No, says the indolent—or the timid man, who shrinks at the idea of a firm opposition to popular folly or fury—No, says the crafty Candidate for Popularity —No—No—this, according to the new coined French term is quite an "ULTRA" business—this zeal is uncalled for by the circumstances of the times "*The spirit of the age is against it*"—These effervescences of a free spirit in a free state will boil over and extinguish the fire which raises them, let them exhaust themselves and they will become evanescent—but if you endeavour to countermine the operations which are carried on against you by the formation of associations of a contrary description to those now in full activity against you—the course you adopt is erroneous—you will only oblige them to work closer and deeper, till the very means you have taken to prevent an explosion shall accelerate it. Let the conspirators, therefore, collect for years together their tenpenny levies—the sinews of war—let them purchase the gunpowder and musket balls which are to be sold in every considerable market town in the Island—let them plunder the country of arms, and train up the population to the use of them in their nocturnal assemblies——let them compel your tenants to take *their* oaths—and corrupt even your servants and your children, opposition will irritate them—and make bad worse——but concession and conciliation will disarm them, and all will be well.

Such was the language used in and out of the Irish Parliament, on the eve of the dreadful rebellion of 1798, when precisely the same indications, which are but too visible in 1820, had alarmed every loyal man in the country.

It was at that alarming period of our history, that the Association of Orangemen, founded on the model of those Protestant Unions, devised by the learned Bishop Burnett, under the precautions of James II. presented the first great barrier to the united torrent of INFIDELITY, SUPERSTITION, and REBELLION. In the year 1812, when a society for the support of the Protestant Religion was proposed in England, recommended to the public and immediately adopted—our association formed an additional precedent for it, and for the purpose of making known in that part of the Empire, the genuine

principles of the Orange Association of Irish Protestants, the following extracts were published, from a Sermon preached by the Vicar-General of Down and Connor, on ROMANS iv. 16.—*Let not your good be evil spoken of.* "It has justly been observed," said this exemplary Divine, "that the very best things may be misrepresented; and, when an outcry is raised against them, few people have either the candour to examine them impartially, or the courage to appear in their defence, on finding them injured in the public opinion. They are afraid to patronize what is generally condemned, lest the singularity of their judgment should be misconstrued into an affection for the bad qualities imputed, however falsely, to the thing whose worth and utility they would otherwise assert.

"Few things have suffered more unjustly from misrepresentation than the Orange Institution. To obviate and confute the calumnies which have been maliciously and extensively circulated concerning it, and which we sincerely lament, have been too successful in prejudicing the minds of many worthy and respectable persons; it will only be necessary to state briefly, the principles on which it rests, and the circumstances out of which it grew. This will, at the same time, afford an opportunity of tracing these foul aspersions to the poisonous source from whence they originated.

"Recent events have imprinted it deeply in the recollection of every inhabitant of our Island, that a most atrocious conspiracy was formed and extended in this country, to overturn the Constitution and Government under which we live; and by whose benign influence, the nation had attained an unexampled state of prosperity and opulence. Seditious Societies were soon multiplied, and revolutionary ideas became alarmingly prevalent. A system of terror was constructed and enforced, to compel those to join the conspirators, whom a sense of duty retained in their allegiance. Assassinations of suspected adversaries became frequent, and the whole machinery of insurrection was set in motion.

"Atheism and contempt of religion were zealously propagated, in order to eradicate from the human heart, those social and moral principles which hold society together, and

to prepare their agents for the use of any means that might be thought necessary for the accomplishment of their nefarious purposes. To resist and defeat such dangerous designs, is the obvious duty of every good subject, and this laudable determination gave rise to the Orange Institution.

"When Societies, formed for the subversion of religion and regular government, were daily gaining ground, and threats held out to intimidate all those who shewed a reluctance to join them; it became indispensably necessary for the friends of public tranquillity TO ASSOCIATE TOGETHER, and adopt such measures as prudence might devise, for the preservation of the public tranquillity, and for their own personal safety. It became necessary for every friend to religion, civil order, and law, to RALLY ROUND THE ALTAR AND THE THRONE, which were in imminent danger of being overturned.

"The prompt and essential services of this great body of Protestants during the rebellion, will not soon be forgotten; and FOR THESE SERVICES, they became objects of the surviving rebels' most pointed and vindictive resentment.

"The greatest efforts were made to traduce and revile a body of men, who had so eminently distinguished themselves in the suppression of one rebellion, and the prevalence of whose principles so directly tended to rescind all hopes of another; and every resource of calumny was exhausted for the purpose. The nature of the association was totally misrepresented, and oaths, which they abhor, were fabricated and imposed upon the public, as the obligations which bound them together. Principles and practices, which are the objects of their detestation, were attributed to them, and the confidence with which the most groundless falsehoods were asserted, served instead of evidence, to procure them a temporary credit with some worthy and unsuspecting persons, who could not easily bring themselves to think the human heart so miserably depraved, as to invent and propagate most infamous calumnies unsupported by any foundation in truth.

"If a steady opposition to those republican theories of go-

vernment, which have deluded so many nations of Europe with blood be criminal, we plead guilty to that charge. If unshaken loyalty to our beloved and excellent Sovereign be a crime, we confess our guilt. If an inviolable attachment to the Protestant religion, and a desire to secure the interest and prosperity of it by all fit and lawful means be reproachful to us, we certainly merit that reproach—we revere our present happy constitution, and disclaiming revolutionary projects, wish it to be perpetual. We venerate the Protestant religion, with Protestant liberality of sentiment towards those who differ from us, and disavow every species and degree of persecution. These, and these only are the principles of Orangemen, and we are neither afraid nor ashamed to acknowledge them" *Protestant Advocate Vol.* 1, *page* 430.

On the 9th August, 1813, at a Meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of the County of Antrim, held in the Town of Antrim, the following resolutions were voted and afterwards published, and, with the foregoing extract from the Sermon of the learned and exemplary Vicar-General of the Diocese of Down and Connor, they may serve as a satisfactory reply to all such accusations as have been preferred against us, in the *Dublin Evening Post* of the 12th instant:

" Resolved—That it being the object of the Orange Institution, to support our good King and Constitution, and the Protestant succession to the throne in his Majesty's Illustrious House, we have beheld without surprise the utmost efforts of sedition, uniformly against it.

" That conscious of the purity of our motives, and the utility of our Association, we are enabled to view with just contempt, the unmerited calumnies and vulgar abuse with which the columns of certain public prints are frequently filled.

" That our principles being open and avowed, we neither shrink from inquiry, nor dread the result of the most rigid investigation; and, as we shall be always ready to submit our rules, regulations, and proceedings to his Majesty's Government, whenever required to do so.

" That our warmest and most grateful thanks, are justly due and most respectfully offered, to our worthy and truly constitutional representatives in Parliament, the Earl of Yarmouth, and the Hon. J. O'Neill, to Lord Kenyon, Lord Lowther, Lord Kirkwall, Edmond Alexander Mac Naghten, Esq. and the numerous body of Senators, who, in the late arduous Session of Parliament, have firmly and successfully supported the Protestant ascendancy, and our excellent Constitution as by law established, against dangerous innovation."

Often have we fondly hoped, but hoped in vain, that the original causes of our association ceasing to operate, we might be permitted to turn our undivided attention to our private concerns, particularly those intimately connected with the prosperity of the country, and the general welfare of all classes of his Majesty's subjects—the cultivation of the soil—the improvement of our manufactories——the extension of trade and the relief and education of the poor——but, as often have we been bitterly disappointed in our expectations, and so far from being able to intermit our watchfulness, we have been obliged by the alarming circumstances of the times, to bring forward our sons and our relations as they advance into manhood, to enter into the same obligations with ourselves, and thus double the number of a Society, whose adversaries, and yourself among the number, are obliged to confess with reluctance, " *extends its ramifications through all parts of Ireland.*"

The very same causes which keep British Capital out of this Island—which treble the number of our absentees, and have alienated so many noble and opulent families for ever from their native soil, and desolated their ancient hereditary mansions, the same causes which have produced nine-tenths of the misery and mendicity of this unfortunate Island continue to exist, and have rendered it necessary to extend rather than dissolve our union, and *your assertion that " every sensible, every honourable man, is falling off from our Lodge, is false.*"

The alarming part taken by the Romish Hierarchy and Demagogues, during the most doubtful period of our late

contest for the liberties of Europe; the conduct of the Titular Bishops in particular, who, in open Synod in Tullow, on the 19th June, 1809, were infatuated enough to declare the title of the Corsican Usurper to the throne of the Bourbons, to be just, legitimate and sanctified; the erection of a formidable representative body within a bow shot of his Majesty's Castle of Dublin, extending its ramifications of committees, sub-committees, and parochial societies, through all parts of the country, which societies, under the denomination of Ribbonmen, are at this day in full activity, staining the columns of our public prints with the records of their crimes—the tenpenny levies at the public mass houses to an enormous amount—the premeditated assaults made upon Protestants, in fairs and markets—the Rotunda Fraud, and latterly, the inflammatory letters from FONTANA and KELLY, announced at the same time with the impaling of one man, and the carding of the muscles from the backs of many others in the Arch diocese of Tuam—all these occurrences, Sir, operated, as might naturally have been expected, in keeping the Protestants of Ireland in that state of alarm, which drew them closer together, as dangers multiplied around them, and preserved many thousands of them in that state of organization best calculated for the defence of their liberty, their lives, and their religion.

As to the Duke of SUSSEX, the associated Protestants of Ireland have never entertained the slightest degree of disrespect towards him, on account of his Royal Highness's political errors, however deeply they may deplore them. The son of our late, and the brother of our present King, should wound us deeply, indeed, when we would utter even a complaint.

It is true, however, and our enemies have rejoiced to hear it told out in Gath, that his Royal Highness entertains no favourable opinion of us, or of any of his Majesty's subjects, who advocate those principles of Protestant ascendancy, which have so happily placed his Illustrious Family on the Throne, and he is even reported to have said, " that we were bound together by such oaths as would induce him, if his information proved correct, to notice them more seriously in

another place, and hold us up as objects fit to be exposed to public example" (*see an account of a speech made by his Royal Highness at a public dinner in London, on the* 10*th June,* 1813 *in the Protestant Advocate, Vol.* 1, *page* 609, *published by J. S. Stockdale,* 41, *Pall-Mall, London.*)

Seven years have, however, nearly expired since this rash declaration was made, and as the Duke of Sussex has not, during that period thought proper to put this threat into execution, we may reasonably conclude that his Royal Highness has discovered the falsehood of the information he had received on the subject.

If, as you say in language somewhat homely, and perhaps coarse, the Duke of Sussex's "*turn*" to the succession should speedily arrive, which God forbid, the Protestants of the Empire would grieve to their very hearts core, for the loss of their present beloved King, and those illustrious heirs to the Crown, who stand between the Duke of Sussux and the succession—and dear as his present Majesty has ever been to us, he has been rendered ten times dearer by his known attachment to the Protestant Ascendancy in Church and State—which has been more than once signified to us in the most unequivocal manner. They would, however trust, under Heaven, to the combined wisdom of the three estates of the realm, as well as to the coronation oath, for the preservation of the Constitution in Church and State.

You are pleased to ask, Sir, what Peer of the Realm, what Dignitary of the Church, what Member of Parliament, what Wellington-man is a Member of our Association? It is not for me to intrude upon the office of our Grand Secretary, and imprudently furnish you with a black list to publish among that description of persons who esteem the *Dublin Evening Post* as an Oracle of Wisdom and Truth. Such an act of imprudence might serve to conduct the midnight ruffian to the peaceful mansions of some of our Members, who are not so fortunate as to live in those parts of Ireland where the Protestants are too strong to be attacked with impunity; but this I can safely tell you, that on our books are to be found the honourable names of Peers of the Realm, Dignitaries of the

Church, Members of the House of Commons, and of many, very many, Wellington-men, as you call them, who, like the great Wellington himself foresee that the Protestant Religion, as his Grace is reported to have lately said in the House of Lords, *must eventually be protected in Ireland by the Sword*, and whose brilliant medals are almost as conspicuous in our Assemblies, as those which we wear in memory of the great King William, who, by the blessing of Heaven upon *his Sword*, delivered us from Popery, Slavery, and arbitrary Government, and to crown all, settled the succession to the Throne in our illustrious Protestant House of Brunswick.

We may also assert, without fear of contradiction, that almost the whole of the Protestants of Ireland, who were not enrolled in our books, are, as they frequently assure us, Orangemen in their hearts. Many even of those who, for reasons best known to themselves, and well known by others too, vote for the claims of your employers, or sign with heavy hearts and trembling hands, the petitions for unqualified emancipation, as you term it, are yet privately of the same opinion. Their poverty of spirit at least, but not their will, consents to this unnatural act of political suicide, they secretly curse the cause they advocate, and rejoice to find themselves defeated. And precisely in this view the Demagogues behold them. Witness their abuse of those Members of the Cabinet who are willing, as was once ably observed, to approach the door of the Constitution along with them—but not to break it open—witness the usage they have frequently given to Mr. Grattan—witness their unparalleled ingratitude to yourself, and many others, of their Protestant Agents; for, bend before them as you will, go to every length for them which they command, and recommend your proffered services as you may, by the grossest abuse and vilest misrepresentations of us, and all other friends of the Constitution, they despise and abhor their Protestant advocates, if possible, more deeply than we do, and the words Protestant and Orangemen will be for ever synonymous in their vocabulary.

You ask too, what real Minister of the Gospel would sanction an Association bound together by an unlawful oath. I

ask you in reply, IS THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE UNLAWFUL? FOR WE ARE BOUND BY NO OTHER. The condition you cavil at has been enacted by the Law of the Land, and you may, on that account, as well condemn the Lord High Chancellor and Judges—the Lord Primate, and the Bench of Bishops, as the Orangemen of Ireland, for they all swear to be true to the Succession in the illustrious House of Brunswick, being Protestant. So much for what you call the conditional allegiance of Orangemen.

Our assemblies are opened and closed by a solemn prayer, in which no true Christian would refuse to join, and which breathes as it ought to do, universal benevolence for all mankind.

The strictest decorum is observed at the Meetings, which, for a considerable part of the year, are broken up by day-light, and always at a regular hour, and one of our earliest regulations is, that none of our Members shall give just cause of offence to those who anxiously seek it from us, none of them shall reproach or upbraid any man for his Religious opinions.

The real Minister of the Gospel will feel no manner of scruple in sanctioning, by his influence and example, an Association, formed for the sole purpose of protecting his Altar, and defending his King, in these days of trouble, rebuke, and blasphemy. Where his people assemble for such a purpose, there should he be also, his proper situation is in the midst of them, to cheer them by his presence, influence them by his example, and watch over them with parental care, lest their good should be evil spoken of, or their zeal degenerate into excess from the severity of provocation. This Association, Sir, has branched into England under the auspices of some of the most distinguished personages in it, and had it been as widely spread, and as completely organized there, as it has been in Ireland, Hunt, and Cobbett, and Thistlewood, would have vainly attempted to corrupt the lower classes in that part of the Empire.

It is, however, gratifying to us to hear, that counter-associations are forming rapidly, to meet the evil in the sister

country, and the model is likely to be that of the Orange Union in Ireland.

The Minister of the Gospel may, indeed, lament the sad circumstances which renders any defensive Societies necessary in the realm, and he will most ardently wish, as I do, that we were all happily blended together into one United Body of Religious, industrious, and loyal people, fearing God, honouring the King, and loving one another. But as long as Ireland shall continue in its present afflicted state; as long as men, like Drumgoole, Fontana, and Kelly, &c. are permitted to conjure up the savage bigotry of the dark ages against the progress of Education and Religion; as long as the Demagogues, aided by a licentious Press, shall proceed in their dreadful career of corrupting and inflaming the minds of our people—no considerate man will condemn the Minister of the Gospel, who sanctions an Association, formed for the defence of the Crown, the Church, and the Constitution of the Empire.

I have the honor to be,

Sir, &c. &c.

JOHN GRAHAM,

Chaplain to the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland.

Lifford, Feb. 29, 1820.

FINIS.

EXTRACT

FROM THE

Anti-Jacobin Review,

For SEPTEMBER, 1820.

A few friendly Hints to the Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees, Baronet, with an Epistle to the Protestant Prelates of Ireland.—By the Rev. Charles B. Stennett.—8vo. Pp. 31. Dublin.

From the time of the discomfiture of the advocates of the Popish superstition, in the reigns of Charles and James the Second it has been a standing rule among the Romish clergy that none of them shall individually engage in a contest with Protestant writers in the way of pamphlet or newspaper publication; and accordingly we find, that, however vigorously these people defend what they deem to be their political rights, they scarcely ever attempt to vindicate their faith from the imputations cast upon it by Protestant writers. We accuse them of idolatry; we allege that they hold doctrines of a most abominable tendeney, utterly unfounded in scripture, and practically hostile to the interests of mankind here and hereafter. Still, however, they are silent. Their clergy, well aware that the cause abides no handling, hesitate to come forward on the literary arena, and, with the exception of the fabulous productions of the Bishop of Castabala, and a few others, nothing is said, in this age of investigation, to defend the impostures of Popery. The pamphlet under review may, however, be considered as an authentic work, issuing from the Romish college of Maynooth—"*permissu superiorem*," published under the implied sanction of Dr. Troy, Dr. Oliver Kelly, and the other Popish prelates who are the rulers of that seminary, in which the author has been domesticated for some time. Considering Mr. Stennett's publication in this light, we may exhibit it to the public as a specimen of the weak defence made by the whole body of the Popish clergy of Ireland against the unanswerable charges brought against them by Sir Harcourt Lees, in seven successive publications, which have issued from his pen within the last twelve months, and which appear to have had an unprecedented circulation in Ireland.

Inded, it seems odd that after all the guineas lavished by our Protestant government upon founding a Popish university in

Ireland, not one of the multitudes of ecclesiastics educated in it could be found to take up the gauntlet in defence of the Romish superstition. The task devolves upon a reduced lieutenant of the North York Regiment of Militia, a few months ago at the head of an anonymous and invisible host of Romish controversialists in Ireland. Shame on the Island of Saints, that can produce no indigenous champion of *the mother and mistress of all churches*, but suffers, in this her day of adversity, when she is becoming ridiculous in the eyes of high and low, rich and poor, her defence to be managed by a British grenadier, evidently better acquainted with the use of the musquet than the pen, more expert in the art of carnal warfare than in the use of the sword of the spirit. *Haud tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis tempus eget.*

These Hints are premised by a dedication to the Protestant prelates of Ireland, every individual of whom has solemnly promised, at his consecration, that he will *be ready with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines from his diocese, and, both privately and openly, to call upon and encourage others to do the same.*

Mr. Stennett modestly requests that these prelates will violate their consecration oath by protecting Popery from exposure, rather than exposing its imposture themselves, or calling upon their inferior clergy, both privately and openly, to do so, in conformity to the awful duty they have undertaken, and in mercy to the millions of nominal christians who are perishing in the deluge of Catholic apostacy, which has so long desolated the fairest Island on the globe. He should rather have implored the aid of the Popish Bishops, if he does not, as we shrewdly suspect, speak their sentiments, casting their hopeless cause to the mercy of a triumphant body of prelates, who are bound by every tie of conscience and mercy to suffer the antichristian system to perish in Ireland. His call upon them to silence the voice of Sir Harcourt Lees, is but a miserable substitute for that use of the powers of argument which would, in these days, be the most likely method of silencing any opponent of true and genuine religion.

With all "*possible*" regard for the Protestant Bishops of Ireland, Mr. Stennett tells them, in the first page of his dedication, that *the Reformation* has been a religious innovation from whose infancy the press (*that tremendous foe to ignorance and error*) has teemed with numerous publications, disgorging abuse most vile and unseemly against the Catholic religion. The Author forgets he addresses Catholic Bishops in the truest sense of the word; men who hold the Catholic faith whole and undefiled, and for that very reason are bound by the solemnest obligations to shew no manner of favour or encouragement to that impious caricature of christianity, which he would designate by the denomination

of "Catholic." He tells these bishops, that it is lamentable to find, in the nineteenth century, a clergyman of the Protestant established church of the British empire, endeavouring to re-kindle religious animosities which have been almost forgotten. Here again he speaks without book, and stumbles into error. His own pamphlet affords internal evidence that these animosities, as he calls them, are not yet forgotten. Drumgoole, and Oliver Kelly, and O'Connell, have not forgotten them. Nor do they seem likely to suffer Protestants to forget them, while they claim and exercise the *civil and religious liberty* of reviling and persecuting the Protestants of Ireland at the very time when they seek political power from a Protestant Parliament, and persist in deprecating that animosity, which, in the present lukewarm *times*, undoubtedly originates with themselves; for, if they had but the prudence to receive quietly and thankfully all the concessions the Protestants were inclined to make to them for the last forty years, they would have been long since triumphant in Ireland. But the providence of God, for the wisest purposes, has suffered them to proceed in a career of insult and aggression, which must finally terminate in the utter ruin of a system of false religion, which has already too long cursed the earth, and proved, it is to be feared, the cause of endless misery to thousands. The Kingdom of God is every day advancing on the dominions of Satan, and Popery is now expiring in her own abominations.

Mr. Stennett, after justyfying his "*feeble attempt*," as he justly calls it, by the necessity of an attack upon the faith of so large a community as that of the Irish Papists, tells the Protestant prelates that *it is through the same divine mediation* that the professors of Protestantism and Popery look forward for salvation. In this he alleges a palpable falsehood, for nobody need tell the world that the Papists believe in *many mediators*, dead men and dead women, through whom they hope for salvation, an error which in itself is a degree of abominable apostacy, which renders the author and, all who hold such a doctrine, legitimate objects of the pious care of every christian bishop, to snatch them from the danger of perishing for ever in so fatal an error. This address to the bishops of Ireland has brought down no censure upon Sir Harcourt Lees, who, in his bold and vigorous attack upon Popery, has but discharged his most imperative duty as a christian clergyman. A species of duty too long neglected, and become so unfashionable in Ireland, that it is not all wonderful to find Papists alarmed at it, and lukewarm Protestants condemning it, as uncalled for and uncharitable. In the better day of the church, however, such exertions against the kingdom of darkness would have been deemed meritorious in no small degree; and such a complaint as Mr. Stennett's, to a bench of Protestant bishops would, if well-founded, have tended to raise the individual complained of to the

highest honours of his church. This, however, is not likely to be the case in the present instance; for Sir Harcourt Lees, having an independent fortune, disclaims all pretensions to ecclesiastical preferment, and it is but too well known, that several clergymen, who have, of late years, distinguished themselves by a zealous and intrepid discharge of their duty in this important department, have been suffered to grow grey in poverty, the very scorn and derision of the enemies of that church which they had long and vigorously defended *at the peril of their lives.*

The first "*friendly*" hint from priest Stennett to Sir Harcourt Lees is, that the publications of the latter gentleman are "an heterogeneous mass of all that is odious and unfeeling." This is a novel mode of friendly argument: and he proceeds, in the pages immediately following, to indulge himself in the use of epithets and expressions from which he pledged himself, *in limine*, to abstain. "Regardless of each generous impulse, you, Sir, proclaim yourself the champion of religious intolerance." The writer here neglects to make good his charge of intolerance against his adversary, who has not, in any of his publications, advanced such a doctrine. But the Romish writers have a vocabulary of their own, which should always be annexed as an appendix to their publications, from which it will appear that, among other peculiarities of their praseology, they denominate an exposure of error *intollerance*, self-defence *aggression*, and the universal religion of Christ *the particular religion of the bishops of Italy*. Sir Harcourt Lees militates against opinions, not against persons. He holds up to public view the ridiculous but fatal errors of Popery in perfect consistence with his good will to the deluded professors of it, with many of whom he is on the very best terms, as their sincerest friend and kindest benefactor. He cannot be deemed their enemy, *because he tells them the truth*; and the bigotted ecclesiastics of the Popish persuasion are incensed against him and all other advocates of Protestant religion, with pretty much the same degree of absurdity as the mariners, tossed during a stormy winter's night on the iron-bound coast of Ireland, would rail against the keepers of the light-houses that warn them from shipwreck. "Through every page of your work," says Mr. Stennett, "*you breathe the most inveterable rancour and hostility.* You speak yourself anxious to instil into the minds of your readers each *mortal poison.* With a refinement in cruelty rarely equalled, but never surpassed, you sound the war-whoop of intolerance; and with an air of anticipate triumph, and of savage exultation, you sound the war-whoop of intolerance, and LET SLIP THE DOGS OF WAR." The reader will readily perceive this to be the language of a military, rather than a clerical advocate of the cause of Popery in Ireland—"*Rudis et sine pectore miles,*—introducing himself, p. 3, as a quandam grenadier, who enters the lists, and takes up

the gaunlet against that mighty Philistine who had challenged an entire rifle battalion of priests, presidents, and Papists. With what dexterity this polemic uses his gauntlet will appear in the sequel.

Instead of repelling the heavy charges of idolatry and other heathenish practices charged upon the church of Rome by her antagonist, he proceeds to complain of the professors of that religion being called Papists, a term, which he very ignorantly alleges, is not to be found in the records of our legislature. This argues the most presumptuous ignorance indeed. To prove it, let Mr. Stennett turn (not to mention many others) to the Act of Parliament for the observance of the twenty-third of October, in memory of the massacre in 1641, the preamble of which commences thus: *Whereas many malignant and rebellious Papists, Jesuits, friars, and other superstitious orders of the Popish pretended clergy, most disloyally, treacherously, and wickedly conspired to surprise his Majesty's castle of Dublin*, &c. &c. &c.

This single instance proves how rashly this man can venture to make a positive assertion without any solid grounds for doing so. The word Papist is one of Popish manufacture, and one in which many of these, so called, glory, as in their most appropriate designation. But they pine for the title of "*Catholic*," which implying, as it does, an acknowledgment of their presumptuous claim to exclusive salvation, is as anxiously sought by them as it is often inconsiderately granted by thoughtless Protestants, in Parliament and out of it. The man, in fact, who concedes to these people the denomination of "*Catholic*," as contradistinguishing them from Protestants, gives up the point in dispute between us, allows Popery to be the Catholic faith which we are bound to keep "*whole and undefiled*;" and when he prays for the good estate of the Catholic church, in our prayer for all conditions of men, excludes the idea of any church but that corrupted and idolatrous one against whose abominations we protest. It is indeed, with extreme disgust and mortification that many Protestants have, of late years, witnessed the title of Catholic given to Papists, even by some of his Majesty's ministers, in the debates on what is, with equal impropriety, denominated the Catholic Question, as if Popery were as universal upon earth as the air we breathe, or the water we drink. The infidel historians, Gibbon and Hume, also grant to Papists the name of "Catholics."

Mr. Stennett then proceeds to inform Sir Harcourt Lees of the *crimes* which have obtained for the Papists the denomination which appears to be so offensive to him. "Through ages of *bitter persecution*," says he, "have they remained firm to the faith of their ancestors." The particulars of this "bitter persecution" have not been detailed by any historian, except the restraining laws, which

protect the Protestants of Ireland from being persecuted by these people, may be deemed persecution. Wandering from one topic to another, in a manner peculiarly weak and vague, Mr. Stennett introduces the valour of the soldiers of the Popish persuasion in our armies, as an argument against Sir Harcourt Lees charges against the church of Rome. Nobody has alleged that Popery interferes with personal valour, farther than as it operates on men's minds in rendering them the slaves of a morbid superstition, nearly a kin to cowardice; but the fact is, that Popery, in nine cases out of ten, leaves its professors in utter ignorance, and the valour of an ignorant Popish soldier may be as great as that of the bravest heathen of Greece or Rome, without affording an argument of the truth of the religion he professes. With respect to the claim which the services of soldiers and sailors of the Popish religion, during the late war, has been alleged to have given to the Irish demagogues for political power in our Protestant state, nothing can be more absurd and ridiculous. These men formed but a moderate proportion of the said soldiers and sailors. They entered into his Majesty's service in common with all others of their rank, *for and in consideration of the bounty and pay they received*. They took an oath to be faithful—they kept it, and in doing so, they did their duty, without adding one argument to those used by the claimants of legislative power for the professors of a religion hostile to the genius of the British constitution."

The seventh page contains a prayer for the dead, offered up contrary to Popish custom, for deceased heretics, whom the author alleges had believed in the ridiculous doctrine of transubstantiation. This act may bring severe penance on Mr. Stennett, for it is equally criminal in the church of Rome to pray for deceased heretics, as to give them christian burial. Among these persons whom Stennett prays for, on account of their belief in transubstantiation, is Archbishop Laud, whose well-known controversy with Fisher the Jesuit, forms the best reply to those who charge him with having held Popish doctrines. But even though Archbishop Laud, and all the other persons here mentioned, Montague and Bilson included, had believed the monstrous fable of transubstantiation, which we are far from conceding, their belief could not stand for a moment against the testimony of scripture, and the declared opinion of the church of England upon this point. "Transubstantiation (says our twenty-eighth article) cannot be proved by holy writ, but is repugnant to the plain words of scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstions."

The military polemic then endeavours to prove that Protestants have believed in the doctrine of purgatory, and appears to have been much incensed at his opponent's denominating it "*the popish smelting house, founded on villainy, and upheld by superstition.*"

The memoirs of the Duchess of York, who had been converted to Popery, and which he quotes on this occasion to implicate an Archbishop of Canterbury and a Bishop of Worcester in the belief of purgatory, are of no authority whatever. They bear, indeed, internal evidence of having been compiled *ad captum vulgi* by that unhappy lady's confessors. He then plunges into the ocean of councils and fathers, in a vain effort to prove these doctrines were held at all times, and in all places, which Protestants reject as unsupported by the authority of scripture, and utterly inconsistent with the plan of redemption, by Christ's all-sufficient atonement. He then proceeds to defend the celibacy of the Popish clergy, which he attempts to do upon no other grounds than the expediency of it, in keeping the clergy unconnected with the government and general interests of the community in which they live. Forgetting that St. Paul has told us that marriage is honourable in all men, not excepting the clergy, that *forbidding to marry* is one of the signs of the apostacy of latter days, mentioned in holy writ, and that St. Peter himself, upon whom, rather than on Christ, they found the supremacy of their church, was himself a married man. Mr. Stennett quotes Lord Chancellor Bacon in defence of the church of Rome forbidding men to marry, although she permits concubinage in consideration of a certain stipulated pecuniary mulct.

"Lord Bacon says," as here quoted, "that he who hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, (to society he should have said,) for they are great impediments to great enterprizes, either of virtue or mischief."

This was a most unfortunate quotation, and such as no dexterous disputant would introduce into his argument, for Lord Bacon here slily glances at the origin of celibacy in the Romish church. It is acknowledged, on all sides, that no such prohibition existed in the primitive church. It owes its origin to the ambition of a Bishop of Rome, whose known object was the obtaining an order of men in every state of Europe more attached to the ambitious views of the See of Rome than to the interests of the respective communities in which they live—a diabolical policy, which has succeeded in converting the clergy, professing the tenets of Popery, into intriguing agents against the welfare of countries which maintain them. This impious ordinance was condemned by the thirteenth canon of the Council of Nice, in the year 787. And though the great Lord Bacon, labouring under the infirmity of times when a Popish bias had been given to almost every man in his education, should shew the same inclination to prefer an unmarried to a married clergy, which Queen Elizabeth is also, from the same cause, said to have felt, his authority, great as it may have on other points, cannot

balance in this, against scripture and the primitive church. For, with the Bard of Avon we may truly say that,

" In religion,
What damned error but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament."

But as Lord Bacon's authority appears to have some weight with this military disputant, we may, in conclusion of this article, refer him to that great man's opinion of Popery, as expressed at large in his Essay on the Unity of Religion, and agreeing exactly with Milton in his treatise on the means to be used against the growth of Popery. Mr. Stennett will find that these great men, as well as Sir Harcourt Lees, Joseph Addison, and John Locke, were, according to the Maynooth vocabulary, the *champions of religious intolerance*, of which we will trouble him at present with no other proof than what he may find in the following extract from the work of the immortal Milton, above-mentioned :—

" Popery, (says Milton) is a double thing to deal with, and claims a two-fold power, ecclesiastical and political, both usurped, and one supporting the other. But ecclesiastical is ever pretended to be political. The Pope, by this mixed faculty, pretends to kingdoms and states, and especially to this of England ; thrones and unthrones kings, and absolves the people from their oaths of allegiance to them ; sometimes inderdicts to whole nations the word of God, shutting their churches, and was wont to drain away the greatest part of the wealth of this miserable land, as part of his patrimony, to maintain the pride and luxury of his court and prelates. And now, since through the infinite mercy and favour of God, we have shaken off this Babylonish yoke, the Pope hath not ceased, by his spies and emissaries, bulls and agents, to strive once more to destroy both king and parliament, and perpetually to seduce, corrupt, and pervert as many of the people as they can. Whether, therefore, it be fit or reasonable to tolerate men thus principled towards the state, I submit it to the consideration of all magistrates, who are best able to provide for their own safety."

He then proceeds to shew that, even supposing the political principles, and state activities of the Papists not to be dangerous, their superstition should not be tolerated *because it is idolatrous*.

We would, in fine, recommend Mr. Stennett to read a little more before he enters into the lists of controversy again, and in the mean time we rest assured that he is as little dangerous to the Protestant church of Ireland, in his hood and cowl at Maynooth, as he possibly could be at the head of his grenadiers in the North York Militia.

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Graham, John

God's revenge against rebellion an historical poem on the state of Ireland

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